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## "UNA" AND THE LION.

THE popular cry at Naples, and everywhere throughout Italy, is, "Una!" "Una!" The Genoese and the Neapolitans, who differ as much from each other in moral and mental characteristics as the Saxons and Celts of our own islands, are possessed, together with all the intermediate Emilians and Romans, with one enthusiasm for the one object—the Unity of Italy. "Una," the fair Italian maid—interesting as her namesake in the "Faerie Queene,"—walks, like her, through perils so manifold, that the whole world is smitten by her beauty and distress. The question is, will that grim Lion, the Emperor of the French, the only foe that the poor damsel has to fear, turn and rend her? or will he crouch at her feet as tamely as his prototype in the immortal allegory? Time will unfold the secret. In the mean while, although the Lion growls, it is doubtful whether he will bite. No one knows the secret of his intentions but himself. It seems probable, however, that the displeasure of the lordly brute, if not exactly an idle make-believe, is a piece of acting, to secure, not the fair Una herself, but some of her treasures—such as Genoa and the island of Sardinia. The peace-loving people of France would certainly have no objection to either *bonne bouche*. They have tasted Nice, and have quite stomach enough for Genoa. They possess Corsica already, and the map of France would look more perfect if Sardinia were painted in—with outlines of the same colour.

The occupation of the States of the Church, by the armies of the King of Italy—(we may as well give him his full title at once, and drop that of King of Sardinia, which has become about as appropriate in his case as that of Queen of the Isle of Wight would be for our own sovereign)—has drawn upon himself a diplomatic reproof. There is no longer a French Ambassador at Turin. But Victor Emmanuel can afford to take this little rebuke without groaning or even wincing. The chastisement will not hurt him much, if at all. His friend Napoleon, finding fault with him for invading the dominions of the Pope, is in the position of Satan, when he rebuked him. Satan, in that case, had his own little hypocrisy to serve, and so has the Emperor. If it be wrong for Victor Emmanuel to invade the territory of the Pope in 1860, on the plea of the liberation of Italy, it was equally wrong for Napoleon III. to invade the territory of the Emperor of Austria in 1859, on the same pretence. But great sovereigns only take account of the logic of words when logic happens to be on the side of their own ambition. At all other times they scorn it, or stick by the more powerful logic of swords, which, in a material and illogical world, is the more certain and satisfactory policy.

Garibaldi is—as he was last week—the master of the situation. Though the King of Italy has gallantly, and, as we think, very wisely, adopted the cause of Garibaldi and the Revolution as his own, and endeavoured to step into the first rank—to which he is entitled, and which Garibaldi does not dispute with him,—the whole world admits that Garibaldi, by dint of honesty and singleness of purpose, remains the ruling spirit. He neither is nor desires to be a king; but he is, by moral force, the virtual lord and Sovereign of Italy. It is he and the Emperor of the French—and not Victor Emmanuel and the same potentate—who are pitted the one against the other, in one of the most remarkable conflicts the world has ever seen. Either of them may make a false move in the mighty game. But in this, as in all other games, the excited player has fewer chances than the cool

one. We should say, therefore, to Garibaldi, if we could hope that our words would reach his ear, that although audacity answers great purposes, it does not answer all. Audacity and Garibaldi have conquered Sicily and Naples; but Audacity and Garibaldi will not conquer the French Emperor, if he determine to throw his whole strength into the support of the Papacy. If the Emperor did so, not Garibaldi, and all Italy at his back, could shake him in the encounter. It is a brave saying and a brave boast—worthy of a hero,—to declare, as Garibaldi has done, that he will proclaim the Unity of Italy from the steps of the Quirinal. But to do this he must defeat, not only one French army—true to its colours and staunch in its allegiance—but all the armies that France could and would pour into Italy. This would be an undertaking which, if not impossible, is so very difficult, that Garibaldi may, without the slightest imputation upon his patriotism or his courage, be content with brave words, without following them up by rash deeds. At present the Emperor of the French is in a false position; and if Garibaldi, who is in a true position, will humour him a little, and make allowances for the superstition of the French peasantry and the French *curés*—who, quite as much as the army, maintain Napoleon III. upon the throne,—he may secure the real Unity of Italy, at an earlier period, and at a much less cost, than if he drew French blood in the struggle. Circumstances will in due time reduce the territorial dominion of the Papacy to a very attenuated and gradually vanishing minimum, without diminishing the real Unity, or assaulting the solid Independence of Italy. It is one thing to run amuck against a despotic imbecile like the ex-King of Naples, but a very different thing to oppose by force of arms the policy of such a very strong man as the Emperor of the French, who has home prejudices as well as foreign reasons to satisfy, and who may find the support of half a million of soldiers to be very fragile and uncertain, unless it be flanked and buttressed by priestcraft and the religious sentiment of the masses of his people. "Una" will have the Lion at her feet by and by, if she will but be patient.

Altogether, the affairs of Italy at the present moment exhibit a very decided *imbroglio*. But they have not yet rotted into a *fiasco*; and it only requires a little forbearance, as well as audacity, to put order into them. There are five great actors on the stage: Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and the Pope. It is in the power of the first and the last to exalt one of these to the proper position all Italy expects him to occupy, and to reduce the opposition of the other two within manageable limits. Pio Nono began his papal career as a reformer. If he would but coalesce with Garibaldi, and crown Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, in St. Peter's, he might not only do good service to his friend Napoleon, by helping him out of a difficulty, but he might preserve the Papacy and the States of the Church for two or three generations longer. Such a result is surely better than dingy exile to the castle of Avignon, or a splendid, but uncomfortable, banishment to Jerusalem.

As for the Emperor of Austria, and the great question of Venetia, if the Quadrilateral is so desperately strong, and Austria so desperately needy, why should not "Una," that rich virgin, buy the little corner at a fair price? Austria may refuse to be driven out—and "small blame to her,"—but she might be very glad to be bought out. The women of Italy would sell the jewels, and the men would cheerfully





twelvemonth, for such a consummation. Ten millions sterling would be no great price to pay. Let "Una" make Austria the offer. We fancy that it would be gladly accepted; and it would be cheap for Italy—in blood as well as in money.

#### RACE AND CREED;—THE ORANGE DEMONSTRATIONS IN CANADA.

THE Duke of Newcastle—the first colonial minister who has ever visited a British colony—will not return from Canada with the belief that the Canadians are altogether so happy a family as they have been represented. In Canada, as elsewhere, a large infusion of the Irish element into a population seems to be the best possible assurance of future riot and antagonism. The demon of Discord appears to follow in the wake of Roman Catholic Irishmen as a shark is said to follow a ship with a fatal disease on board. No sooner have they set foot on new soil, than the "boys" go in for a row, no matter the object—Pope or politics, a mass or a mayoralty, St. Patrick or the Prince of Orange. A shindy—not "love—is the soul of a nate Irishman"—an idea which Irishmen endeavour everywhere to demonstrate. In the United States these demonstrations may be said to be slightly intermittent. In Canada it is—if it be not a "bull" to say it—the same, with a difference. The French Canadians—forming the majority of the people of Lower Canada—are Romanists, and with them the Irish Papist has no quarrel about creed. It is not so in the Upper Province, where the population is strongly Protestant. Of this population some 80,000 are said to be Orangemen, embracing Protestant English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans. Here, as a consequence, the Irish Roman Catholic is at once met in that most implacable of all spirits—the hatred which springs from religious feuds of long standing, and, as may be supposed, no little heart-burning, and some jostlings and struggles, both physical and political, occasionally arise. These, it is true, are never of very serious character, as they mostly vent themselves in newspaper scurrility; or, at the worst, in a tap-room fight. It is not to be denied, however, that the feeling is more than sufficiently rancorous. There is, however, generally enough of respectable moderation to restrain the violence of the more active partizans.

The visit of the Prince of Wales, which ought to have been an occasion for the decent oblivion of all such feelings of rancour and disunion, seems, on the contrary, to have excited them to unnatural activity. But the causes are not so wholly religious as might at first glance be supposed. Various circumstances have conspired to throw the balance of power in United Canada into the hands of the French Roman Catholic party—the Lower Canadians. At all elections this party is sustained by its Irish co-religionists, and thus united, the two have been able to seize, and for years to retain, the reins of government. The Protestant majority of Upper Canada—which in the population of the United provinces cannot be less in excess of the ruling minority than four hundred thousand—find this yoke almost more than they can tolerate. Perceiving that creed and nationality are allied for the purposes of their political depression, and for the subversion of those principles which it is their desire to maintain, the Protestant Upper Canadians have resorted to the weapons of their antagonists, and have met party by party, race by race, creed by creed. We do not seek to vindicate but only to explain the circumstances, and to show the people of this country that the Irish Roman Catholics in Canada have been the aggressors, and that, had it not been for their unwise political tactics, Orangism would have been as unknown in Upper Canada as it is in England or Scotland.

A correspondent, whose Orange sympathies are not disguised, sends us the following history of the very unfortunate outburst of party zeal which has clouded the sunshine of the Prince of Wales's visit, and done so much to deprive it both of its grace and its utility:—

"The visit of the Prince of Wales to Kingston—the old capital of Upper Canada—was expected to take place on the 4th of September. It should be known, in order to rightly understand the untoward quarrel which has broken out, that notwithstanding there is here a college under the government of the Romish Church, the inhabitants of the city are not only Protestant, but the town and country around are strongly Orange. Unwisely, as we cannot but think, the Orangemen resolved on welcoming the Prince with triumphal arches, adorned with flags and banners, and all the emblems and mottoes of their association. This was so distasteful to the Roman Catholic conclave in Regiopolis College, that an appeal was made to the Duke of Newcastle, who ultimately refused to permit the Prince to land, or to countenance 'any party demonstration.' The Prince did not land at Kingston accordingly. Many thousand pounds were uselessly expended in preparation, many thousand persons were disappointed, and such a shock given to the nervous system of the body politic of Upper Canada as may take all the doctors of Downing-street many years to remedy.

"From Kingston the Prince, with his suite, proceeded to Belleville, some forty miles further up the St. Lawrence. Belleville is one of those small towns, of the rapid growth known only on the north-western shores of the Atlantic. It, too, is especially Protestant; and the Orangemen, who are numerous throughout the

district, had made preparations to receive their royal guest with all honour. The ban, however, had gone forth, and like their brethren in Kingston, they were required to withdraw their emblems, to lay aside their distinctions, or not to join in the procession. They adhered to their own exposition of their loyalty in preference to that of the Duke and the Roman hierarchy. The Prince did not land at Belleville, in consequence. Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, and, until last September, the seat of government, is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants. In it is situate the educational establishments of the country—the Normal Schools, and the University and Trinity Colleges. Here, also, the Orange Association had designed, at considerable cost, to evince their attachment to those principles for the maintenance of which they had combined, and upon which they had supposed the constitution they and their fathers had so long cherished was based. It was arranged that at this point a general muster was to be made, in order to give to their future king assurance that the spirit which triumphed at the Boyne existed in this distant portion of the empire available for a like emergency.

"There is, moreover, another unfortunate *contretemps*. The laying of the first stone of the parliament buildings at Ottawa, on the 1st instant, also gave occasion to what may be viewed as the exercise of a discourteous and arbitrary power. The order of Freemasons assembled at Ottawa, under the impression that they, as usual on such occasions, were to take part in the proceedings. Upon their arrival on the ground in their regalia, they were brusquely informed they would not be permitted to interfere; that the Prince would perform the ceremony without their assistance; and that they might, therefore, lay aside their appliances. With much good taste, they quietly doffed their 'aprons and jewels,' and became ordinary spectators. The calm, however, did but fore-run a storm. It was soon perceived that a very unnecessary offence had been given to a highly-respectable body of men, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to honour the occasion; and it was thought that an invitation to lunch with the Prince would heal the sore. The pill was not taken; and it is to be regretted that the same propriety which characterised their early disappointment did not mark their refusal of the invitation. It is said the notes containing it were returned unopened. Mr. Harrington, the Grand Master for Upper Canada—a man much respected among Masons, as by all who enjoy his acquaintance,—is also Deputy Receiver-General of the province, and, as we learn, was told, with an amount of indiscretion which the irritation of the moment can hardly excuse, that he must see the refusals instantly withdrawn, and that the Masons appeared at the lunch, or the position he held in Her Majesty's service would be jeopardized. The manly reply was that the commission he held was at the service of the Government whenever it was required, but that he should support the becoming dignity of 'the craft.'"

Whatever difference may exist respecting the Orange difficulty, none can be entertained respecting the Masonic one to which our correspondent refers. The policy of such discourtesy, to use no harsher term, in a community where a certain amount of democratic license cannot be ignored, and which no amount of oligarchical chloroform can subdue, is surely of very questionable wisdom on the part of the Duke of Newcastle. We cannot share the feeling of our correspondent, that it was right for the Orangemen of Kingston—even supposing they had a provocation from their Roman Catholic opponents—to act as they did upon an occasion which they ought to have combined with their Irish and Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to make an auspicious and agreeable one. We in England, who have outgrown such quarrels of creed and race, feel inclined to say to Canadian Orangemen as to Canadian Papists—"A plague on both your houses! Can you not enjoy your liberty like honest and sensible men, and cultivate the New World without importing into it the senseless animosities of the Old?"

#### THE INTERVENTION IN SYRIA.

IN this journal, we have stood almost alone among our cotemporaries in denouncing the horrible barbarities committed both by the Druses and the Maronites, as having been instigated for ulterior purposes by Powers that were hostile to the Sultan, and desirous of expediting the overthrow and partition of his empire. Recent disclosures are beginning to prove that we were correct, and that the barbarous Druses, and the equally barbarous, though half-Christian, Maronites, were mere puppets, set in motion by cunning hands in Russia, if not in France. It is clear, from the letter of "The humble Sephronius, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon," just published, that the Maronites received instructions through him, and he through a superior authority, whom he calls "His Holiness, Our Lord, the Exalted Patriarch," to commence a war of extermination against the Druses; and that the latter, knowing the day fixed for the execution of this plot, anticipated it, and inflicted upon the so-called Christians the pent-up vengeance of ages of civil and religious strife.

It would be no loss to civilization, and but little to humanity, if Druses and Maronites realized in their squabbles the old story of the Kilkenny cats, with which every one is familiar; in which case perhaps the Baron Rothschild, Sir Moses Montefiore, and other wealthy Hebrews, might buy the country at a cheap rate from the Sultan, and gather the children of Israel to their old home, and the birthplace of their fathers. But since this is not likely—and as the Druses and Maronites will continue to inhabit the land, which both of them disgrace,—it is satisfactory to learn that the Sultan has been able to vindicate his authority in the province, and to visit the Druse assassins with the condign punishment which they



merit, without the aid of the French army, despatched thither with such undue precipitancy at the first news of the massacres.

The best thing that the French Emperor can do under the new circumstances, created by the ruthless but much-needed energy of Fuad Pacha, is to recall his troops without further delay. Their presence in Syria, or on its coasts, weakens the authority of the Sultan—exhibits him to his subjects as incompetent for the performance of his duties—and excites the disaffected in every part of his dominions. The whole business has been a miscalculation from first to last, on the part of its too cunning and too eager promoters; and in the interest of France, as well as in that of the peace of Europe, which the Emperor declares he has so deeply at heart, the French troops should be forthwith ordered home. The Sultan can evidently manage his own affairs, as far as Syria is concerned; and to thrust aid upon him at this moment is to do him an injury.

#### BACKSLIDING AT MANCHESTER.

THE new joint-stock company contemplated at Manchester to promote the growth of cotton, has for its chief object to buy cotton in India of an improved quality, and ship it to this country. The Government is said to have promised to assist the project by grants of land, by securing a supply of labour, and by protecting the interests of the company. To promote the prosperity of India is the duty of the Government; and English capitalists cannot employ their capital more honourably than to enrich India and increase the supply of cotton. The objects are excellent, and every one must wish that they be attained.

But why should the chief spokesman of the company, a member of the Legislature, and a foremost man of the Anti-Corn Law League, have departed from these objects at the late public meeting, in order that he might say something invidious of America? Most justly did Mr. Bazley expatiate over the greatness of our cotton manufacture, and point out the number of people employed by it, and the vast wealth it produces. The marvel, however, of it was, he explained, that this immense trade has all come into existence within a century. But by what means did it grow into existence? The State never patronized or protected it, except as it protects property. It grew up from the inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Compton, and others,—from the coal and iron under the feet of the men of Lancashire and Staffordshire,—and from the general want of clothing. No efforts, such as this company is to make, nourished it into existence. The energies of individuals in Lancashire seeking their own advantage, accomplished the magnificent work. All their exertions and ingenuity would, however, have been unsuccessful,—all the coal and iron would have existed in vain,—but would not have called our cotton manufacture into its present vastness without an adequate supply of the soft vegetable wool which Nature has destined for our clothing, as she has destined iron for tools and coal for our fires. And how has the raw material of this great manufacture been hitherto obtained?

Last year, according to Mr. Bazley, we used 1,000,000,000 lbs. of cotton, and of this 800,000,000 lbs. came from the United States. But, however suitable may be the climate of the Southern states to grow cotton—and it is peculiarly suitable, as almost all tropical regions are—"Cotton," according to Mr. Bazley (which is doubtful), "was not indigenous in the States." By the exertions, then, of the Americans using, in common with all the European colonists of the tropics, "imported labour," the bulk of the cotton for the gradual increase of our manufacture has been supplied.

The few hundred thousand pounds of cotton we required more than a century ago came from the East and from the European colonies of the Antilles. But these countries, which generally cultivated sugar in preference, or lacked the spirit of improvement, did not increase their growth of cotton. The energetic Americans did. They saw what was wanted in Europe. They invented the gin for clearing the wool from the pods, and they soon undersold the cotton-growers of all other countries. Just as we, by our ingenuity and exertions, have undersold almost all other countries for the manufactured article—even going far to extinguish the native manufacture in our Indian possessions, and have become the chief clothiers of nations—so the Americans have become the chief producers of the raw material. After their success, cotton could not be profitably grown elsewhere for our markets; but never since they entered into this business has there been anywhere, for any considerable period, a serious deficiency. The price, as Mr. Bazley admits, has become "very moderate indeed," from having been exorbitantly high, and the supply, instead of being precarious and uncertain, has become so equable, that the annual and certain increase and steady prices are securely relied on.

Our cotton manufacture, then, is as much due to their exertions for supplying us with the raw material, as to the exertions of our own miners and their spinners. For nearly a century, too, has this combined system grown harmoniously in its several parts, and human experience seldom finds a longer warranty for the continuance of any system. Incessantly has the growth of cotton increased in the States,

and is increasing as the manufacture of cotton has increased and is increasing in England; incessantly have more and more people been employed in the business in the two countries, and incessantly has the welfare of both been steadily augmented in union; but while in this progress there has been no change, every political state of Europe—but our own—has been subverted. And even our state has undergone numerous, great, and unexpected changes. We have good reason, therefore, in the past, for relying on the future; and without making any peculiar efforts hereafter, any more than heretofore, may securely calculate on the continual increase in the supply of cotton from America. It is equally essential to the prosperity of both nations.

With such facts, known to all the world, and especially well known at Manchester, it is grievous to find a gentleman like Mr. Bazley, and others, losing their reliance on the course of events, and fancying that the supply of cotton will fall short, if they do not look after the growth as well as after spinning and weaving. Because the Queen's dominion extends over India, the gentlemen of Manchester are to become cotton growers, as well as cotton manufacturers. Mr. Bazley excited the envy of his auditors by telling them that the Americans would probably receive £50,000,000 in the coming year for cotton, which he implied could, with more advantage to us, be obtained from British India. At the same time he described the few millions of slaves in the United States as not great consumers of British manufactures, thus exciting prejudice against the States, both on account of what they were to receive, and what they would not take. He calculates on "receiving a legitimate and more extensive return trade from India than from any other country." Facts do not warrant the supposition. India has been peopled for ages, and the population of the States has grown into existence within a brief period. With India we have been connected by trade for upwards of two centuries, and last year the value of our trade imports and exports together with the two countries was as follows:—

1859.	India.	United States.
Imports from .....	15,246,303	34,294,950
Exports to .....	19,832,699	22,601,032
Total .....	35,079,002	56,895,982

Thus the trade with India last year, when it was much increased by our own great expenditure there, was nearly 40 per cent. less than our trade with the United States. The latter, too, is continually increasing, without any effort on our part, while the former still requires to be fostered, and, whatever exertions we may make, is not likely to keep pace with our ever-growing trade with the States. To murmur at the States supplying us with cotton is to treat their great exertions with ingratitude, and be discontented with our best customer. Such sentiments, as expressed by Mr. Bazley, find their counterpart in some patriots of the United States, who only agree with the backsliding gentlemen of Manchester when they demand high tariffs to encourage the manufacture of cotton and iron at home, in preference to importing them from us. How can we be surprised at the slow progress of economical truth abroad, when so many examples are supplied day after day that it is going backwards at home? It is clearly possible to encourage trade with India, and promote the cultivation of cotton there, without depreciating trade with the United States. In Manchester and Liverpool Mr. Bazley's course must appear preposterous; and probably the knowledge that such a course would be taken by the gentlemen who promote the formation of the company accounts for the fact, regretted by Mr. Bazley, that "few gentlemen actually representing large spinning and weaving establishments of the district" were present at the meeting.

#### BRITISH PERPLEXITIES;—WHAT TO DO? OR WHAT NOT TO DO?

GREATNESS brings with it so many cares and responsibilities, which it is the fashion for the favourites of fortune to bewail, in a somewhat affected strain, their success, and envy the poor cotter, whose troubles are confined to domestic life. England is in this position. She is a first-class Power, but if there ever was a time when she might be justified in heaving a sigh over her greatness it is the present.

We might, for the moment, almost wish ourselves Homburg or Nassau, with our national finances depending on the success of a Gaming-Table, and our foreign relations confined to the distinguished visitors from abroad who frequent it. Unfortunately we are expected, just at this moment, to take a leading part in European politics, and are in a state of profound perplexity as to what that part is to be. The principal characters of the piece have been already cast. Garibaldi is the dashing hero; Louis Napoleon the successful intriguer; with the Emperor of Russia, Kossuth, Abd-el-Kader, Cavour, and a host of others as his minor instruments. The Sultan, who has been plentifully drugged, is asleep in one corner of the stage; in another, the Emperor of Austria is on his knee before the Prince Regent of Prussia, demanding protection. Britannia, meanwhile, wanders



vaguely about, her right hand literally not knowing what her left is doing; first she pours a pocketful of sovereigns into Garibaldi's cap; then she pats the Austrian Emperor on the back, and tells him to be a man; then sticks pins into the old Turk, in fruitless endeavours to wake him; accepts any insult from the Emperor of France, and passes them on to the Prince Regent of Prussia; finally, we presume, she will take refuge in the last resource of her sex, and sit down and cry. Seriously, if we are to maintain our position as a first-class European Power, we must adopt a decided course of policy, and carry it out. Either we should withdraw from all interference whatever in continental affairs, or throw ourselves decidedly into the contest upon one side or the other. Our present shuffling and uncertain policy, for which the nation and not the Government is responsible, draws down upon us universal contempt. We have denuded ourselves of friends in every direction.

The despotic Governments of Europe detest us, because we lecture them dogmatically upon their system of government generally, contriving to season our discourse with a dash of impertinence; the nationalities of Europe despise us, because, while we offer them a barren sympathy, we are generally found, at the last moment, supporting the Sovereigns whom we have previously insulted. At the present juncture three decided courses are open for adoption; first, total abstention; secondly, a decided and thorough support of existing governments, irrespective of the principles upon which they govern; thirdly, the out-and-out espousal of the revolutionary cause throughout Europe. Each of these courses present serious difficulties and objections. To adopt the first would be, for the present, at all events, to forfeit our position and influence on the continent, and to destroy, at one blow, the structure which has been raised by the wars and diplomacy of years. It is just possible that the sacrifice may be worth making, for the sake of peace. And there are those who maintain, with much plausibility, that a policy which would thus ensure tranquillity to the nation would so surely advance her material prosperity that in the end we should have no cause to complain of having voluntarily withdrawn from taking our share in the councils and contests of Europe. On the other hand, by such a policy, if we leave ourselves without enemies, we deprive ourselves of the possibility of having friends; we become no longer necessary to the balance of power, and no one Power has therefore any interest in preventing a combination being formed in Europe which it would be impossible even for our navy to resist, and which should at last involve us in a war far more expensive and perilous to the national honour than those in which, in alliance with other Powers, we might at an earlier period have engaged to nip any such combination in the bud, or to prevent any such overwhelming predominance of one as should be dangerous to the other European states. It is scarcely, however, necessary to discuss a course which opens a wide field for argument, because it is certain not to be adopted. The wheel of the Government has gone too long in the same track to make so decided a divergence, and Mr. Bright himself can scarcely expect to see the abolition of the Foreign Office and the suppression of the whole diplomatic body in his day. If, then, we are to indulge in this expensive piece of machinery, it is quite clear that the article which it manufactures, namely, our foreign policy, should be of the best possible description,—a fabric of a strong and substantial texture. But the policy of the Foreign Office is in fact governed by the will of the nation; and in the present condition of the Continent it becomes necessary for the nation to consider which side it will espouse,—that of the monarchs or of the people.

The first question which presents itself for consideration is one of principle, the second one of interest. There can be no doubt that any intervention of one Power in the internal affairs of another is morally wrong; but the country was not prepared to carry out the principle, when the only means of preventing such intervention in favour of an oppressed nationality was to go to war with the intervening Power. In the case of the late war in the north of Italy, we abstained from any interference on this ground, but matters have considerably changed since then: the whole of Europe is preparing for a general struggle, and monarchs and nationalities are ranging themselves side by side, without reference to any other standard than that of their own interest. Hence the most unnatural alliances are taking place. Russia, anxious to stride across the Danube, is calmly fostering revolution in Hungary, on her own frontier; Austria has put aside her determined antipathy to Prussia, and humbly sues for her protection. Louis Napoleon, who is the incarnation of despotism in his own country, is the representative of freedom elsewhere, and on him the oppressed nationalities fix their hopes. Right and wrong have become so confounded, there is so little of the first in the whole complication, so much of the latter, that a purely moral policy, which should still be active, would seem impossible. To maintain despotism by force of arms would be an outrage to the liberal sentiments of England; to engage in a war in favour of the people against their Sovereigns, who have in no way injured us, involves a principle which even the most ardent advocates of free institutions will hesitate to maintain; while, to remain neuter would be to allow the two Powers whose predominance we have most reason to dread, to divide between

them the absolute control of the affairs of Europe, and to partition for their own benefit the Ottoman Empire.

To retain our position, and come out of the struggle upon equal terms with France and Russia, we must either sacrifice our principle to our interest, as they have done, and put ourselves at the head of the European revolutionary movement, which would obtain for us the whole sympathies of the people of Europe, and foil most completely our august ally; or we must sacrifice our interest for a principle, and make the intervention of any nation in the internal affairs of another a *casus belli*. The latter course would be extremely disagreeable, but morally right; and any government proposing it would be at once turned out of office. The other course would be the most profitable and advantageous to this country, and if dexterously carried through might lead to great results; but it would be morally wrong, and any government proposing to go to war, to free either Italy or Hungary, would also be turned out by a coalition of that party which is in favour of peace and economy with those who are advocates of justice. Hence the Government are forced into the course of vacillation which we have described; and the nation will continue to waver between right and wrong, between its sympathies and its moral sense, until the danger becomes so imminent that the Government and nation will unite in adopting that firm and decided attitude of resistance to individual or national aggression which, if it had been taken up at the outset, would have saved us from the catastrophe into which we are being inevitably drawn. It is a penalty we must pay for the luxury of free institutions, that we can never hope to have a foreign policy worthy of the name, and that we shall continue to blunder on in obedience to the will of the majority, who cannot possibly be properly informed upon the internal condition of foreign countries, or acquire that early appreciation of inevitable political necessities which is essential to an able diplomacy, until we are driven by our own mistakes into a position from which the only escape is by the strong arm of the nation, backed by its united will and immense resources.

#### REFORM IN RUSSIA.

THE real state of Russia is important to be known to the western nations of Europe, at the present perilous juncture of European politics. Whether that great empire be stagnant or progressive—whether it be youthful in vigour, or old in decay—is a question that is of more or less importance to every citizen of every state in the civilized world. To the majority of Englishmen the word “Russia” conveys the idea of a gloomy despotism, where thought is stagnant, personal freedom non-existent, and the wishes of all controlled by the authority of one. If they think of it at all in connection with foreign countries, it is as an ambitious power, desirous of extending its sway from the Baltic to Hindostan, and from the White Sea to the Hellespont. Though there be some truth in this picture, there is considerable error. It would be easy to show that great misconception prevails as to the domestic as well as to the foreign policy of Russia; but, leaving its foreign policy for another opportunity, we proceed to record some of the steps that have been taken since the death of the Emperor Nicholas in the path of domestic reform.

The removal of that remarkable sovereign from the scene of his uncontrollable ambition was a relief to Russia. Circumstances and his own indomitable character had given him a power far greater than any of his predecessors; and, alarmed by the progress of liberal ideas in the rest of Europe, he not only repressed with the utmost severity anything like Liberalism at home, but in order to counteract that longing for liberty which had sprung up in the breasts of his subjects, he kept their minds occupied as much as possible with foreign wars. Just before the Revolution of 1848 he spoke of Louis Philippe's resistance to reform, to a liberal-minded and free-spoken nobleman attached to the household of the present Emperor, then grand-duke: he said, “The king is quite right; their rulers are the best judges of what the people want. I would sooner lose my life than yield anything to a popular cry.” Nicholas was a thorough despot—cruel, but not blood-thirsty. He allowed of no opposition, and his death was undoubtedly accelerated as much by vexation at the growth of liberal opinions among his people as at the adverse results of the Turkish war.

When Alexander II. ascended the throne, the people breathed more freely. The new czar was known to be opposed to the repressive policy of his father, and his first proclamation showed that the reign of darkness was at an end. Under Nicholas there was no religious freedom, no liberty of the press, the finances were utterly disorganized, and the serfs saw no hope of emancipation. Freedom of conscience was recognised, indeed, in the fundamental laws of the empire; but the Greek religion being eminently illiberal, it was hardly to be expected that the czar, as head of the Church, would hold opinions much in advance of the Church itself. In Russia, orthodox exclusiveness assumed a variety of forms. Lutherans and Mohammedans enjoyed complete liberty. Romanists were subject to certain restrictions, being expressly forbidden all attempts at proselytism; Jews could worship as they pleased, but had no civic rights; while Dissenters from the orthodox Church were treated with as much

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severity as the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II., or the Camisards under Louis XIV. Dragonades were employed to enforce conformity; the knout and the stick were not spared; and the holy communion was often administered by force. By this Act the Dissenter became an orthodox Christian, and relapse was punishable with death—though that penalty was rarely inflicted, the police preferring a heavy fine to the life of their victim. Successive ukases have done much to alleviate this condition of things. Dissenters are now so far recognised that they are not to be called in question for their creed, and heterodoxy is no longer a disqualification; but the propagation of "heretical opinions" is still forbidden. As regards certain sects, this is perhaps a wise regulation, for unless they are grossly belied, their practices are incompatible with morality. The Jews are no longer an excluded caste in the army—they are permitted to rise to certain ranks; but here popular prejudice thwarts the benevolence of the sovereign, for the orthodox soldier refuses to obey his Israelitish officer. One of the most recent decrees (dated 12th April) concerning this persecuted class, extends their privilege of employing Christian servants, and so far the Greek Church has shown itself less fanatical than that of Rome. A new translation of the Gospel has been issued "by authority," and the whole of the Bible is to follow in due course.

One of Alexander's earliest measures was to remove some of the most oppressive restrictions imposed upon the press by Nicholas. The thirty years' war carried on by the late czar against the liberty of printing was terminated by a decree allowing new reviews and journals to be started; and the censorship, hitherto partitioned among a dozen different bureaux, was concentrated in one, under the immediate responsibility of the Minister of Public Instruction. The working of the system is more liberal than the programme; new foreign books and newspapers are still suspiciously watched, and political matters need very tender handling in the Russian language, though a greater license is allowed if French or German be used. There is no more difficulty, however, in procuring prohibited books in St. Petersburg than in London. We have before us now some numbers of the *Kolokol*, a Radical Russian work, published in London, which was regularly sent through the post, and freely circulated from hand to hand in the capital. The real position of the press may be estimated from the fact that the Government has recently "invited" discussion on the questions of serf emancipation, the spirit licenses, and popular education.

The progress of popular education is necessarily slow in a country situated like Russia; but, independent of its state and communal system, not unlike the Scotch, the Government has invited private aid, and the response has been most hearty. The latest symptom of vitality has been the springing up of Sunday-schools, not only in the two great capitals, but in remote towns on the borders of Asia, in lonely villages, and on private estates. At Tver, the professors of the college have volunteered to teach, and a rich merchant provides the necessary books, paper, &c. At the Kiev school, which is but a few months old, the scholars amount to 148; of these, 32 belong to the peasant class, 25 to the *bourgeoisie*, 25 are soldiers' children, (*kuntontsies*), 5 belong to the nobility, and 1 only to the class of traders. Ranked by occupation, there are 112 workmen, 22 servants, and 12 of "no profession." As regards age, there are 56 between eight and fifteen years, 63 between fifteen and twenty, and 29 above twenty. Nor has the education of girls been neglected. In one place the mayor endows a school for his town; in others, the landowners provide reading-rooms for the young peasant girls. At Kozlov (Tamboff) the priest's daughter looks after the little pupils; at Talvong (Olonetz), the verger's wife undertakes the training up of several young women. These, and a hundred similar instances, plead loudly in favour of the Russian people, so misunderstood abroad, and so little appreciated at home by those who should know better. In the colleges and universities a similarly progressive spirit prevails. The philosophy classes, suppressed twelve years ago, have been revived; logic and psychology are no longer to be considered a part of Christian instruction.

The question of the Emancipation of the Serfs, a problem of more difficult solution than the abolition of negro slavery in the United States, we reserve for another article.

#### CAVENDISH TOBACCO.

EXCISE and customs duties, to which some writers are immoderately partial, are imposed completely in ignorance of all their other consequences than the expectation of revenue, which is not always realised. They are enacted in the dark, and may inflict on the community immeasurable evil. Generally, it is the opinion of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that their regulations are so admirably framed that they do not interfere with the progress and improvement of manufactures subject to Excise duties. When the conclusion of the commercial treaty with France, however, carried with it the admission of foreign spirits into this country, and the distillers came to demand a proper adjustment of duties in their interest, the commissioners were obliged to admit that their regulations increased the cost of the manufacture of spirits by a sum not

less than 5s. 2d. per gallon. As there were nearly 25,000,000 gallons made last year, it is plain, on this admission, that their regulations for this one article cost the country £600,000 per annum. This is pure waste. It is the pecuniary representation of an evil inflicted on the people, in order to collect the spirit duty. The commissioners recommended some changes in their regulations, by which the loss is now reduced to 2s. per gallon. This, however, omits all consideration of the possible improvements in distillation, which might be made in this refined art did they not interfere at all. It is perfectly clear that neither the legislators nor the land revenue commissioners have any idea of the vast loss and mischief they cause to the country by Excise and Custom-house duties.

A novel example of the mischief they do was brought before the public last week, in a letter from Messrs. Cope, Brothers, & Co., of Liverpool. These gentlemen state that nine smokers out of ten prefer Cavendish tobacco to any other. This tobacco is manufactured in America, on which our Excise regulations confer a monopoly. It is liable to a duty of 9s. 6d. per lb., but is so largely smuggled, they say, that it is sold at the current price of 3s. to 4s. Every sailor arriving from America imports it; every man-of-war, they add, is a nest of smugglers, for the crews are never without Cavendish which pays no duty. To meet the demand for this preparation of tobacco, paying the duty on the raw material, the Messrs. Cope turned their attention to the mode of manufacturing it by the help of machinery, and succeeded in making it equal in appearance to the best brands of America. They could not make it equal in reality, because the excise regulations absolutely prohibit the use of saccharine matter in any form in the manufacture of tobacco; and without this addition the finest article "seems poor and tasteless." They gave employment to a number of deaf and dumb girls, to whom they taught the art of manufacturing Cavendish, and who were able to earn from 8s. to 12s. per week. It is Messrs. Cope's opinion, that if the Excise did not interfere with this manufacture, hundreds, and even thousands of females might find employment, at wages of 10s. to 14s. per week, and give a fortune to their employers. But the Excise regulations prohibit this profitable exercise of industry, and encourage proportionably the industry of the Americans. They give a bounty on labour abroad, and discourage it at home. This is only one illustration of Excise and Custom-house duties. They collect, it must be admitted, a certain amount of money for the State, at an enormous cost to the industry, the progress, and the welfare of the nation. The latest report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, including the account of the punishments inflicted, and the many experiments, chemical and others, made to detect violations of the law, is a history of labour misspent in restricting and torturing the community.

#### PETITIONS OF RIGHT.

THE country is indebted to Mr. Bovill for the Act of Parliament which he succeeded in passing during the late Session for the improvement of the law relating to Petitions of Right. This is one of the very few acts which will rescue the House of Commons from the charge of being, during that carnival of talk, wholly regardless of useful legislation. It is impossible to conceive anything more unsatisfactory than the state of the law relating to the above important subject existing before the passing of Mr. Bovill's measure. The method of procuring redress for the wrongful acts of the Crown, or to speak with deference to the maxim, "The king can do no wrong," to obtain restitution for acts done by inadvertence, or through misapprehension, by the Crown, injuriously affecting a subject, was most vexatious and expensive. The proceedings were circuitous in the extreme, and it is almost impossible to say with accuracy how many steps had to be taken by the petitioner. After he had presented his petition, and the consent of the Crown to the proceedings had been obtained, a commission was appointed, to enquire into the facts of the case. The lawyers' fun then began, and the legal pantomime was enlivened with as many scenic changes as its histrionic original. Even if the litigation resulted in the petitioner's favour, he was not allowed to recover his costs against the Crown, except in one or two particular cases. The consequence of this mockery of justice was, that but few persons were rich enough to assert their rights; and only when the interests involved were of sufficient magnitude did they ever feel disposed to risk so great an expenditure of money and trouble.

Mr. Bovill's Act, however, has at length removed the difficulties which made the law a dead letter; and a short and simple mode of procedure, similar to that in the superior courts in cases between subject and subject, has been established. Costs will be payable by the Crown to successful petitioners. It is feared that in some cases the Act will not apply, and the old law will still prevail; but in the great majority of cases we believe the latter has been entirely superseded.

VICTORIA.—The first time this name occurs in English history is as belonging to a "Mastres (Mistress) Victoria," who was one of the attendants, "Gentyl-women," upon Queen Katherine, when she accompanied her husband, Henry VIII., to the gorgeous meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold (June, 1520). Each gentylwoman was allowed "a woman, ij men servantes, and iij horses." And the Queen had 265 of all ranks, and they, in turn, had 999, making the total number 1260 persons. The King's retinue amounted to 4,544: Wolsey had above 400.



**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—On MONDAY, September 24th, and during the Week, will be performed (for the third time) Mr. Falconer's new and successful comedy, entitled *DOES HE LOVE ME?* in which Miss Amy Sedgwick will appear. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Miss Florence Haydon, and Mrs. Wilkins will also appear in this comedy. After which, *FITZSMYTHE OF FITZSMYTHE HALL*; Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Wilkins. Concluding with the farce of *THE BOARDING SCHOOL*. Box office open daily from 10 till 5.

**NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.**—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Great Success of the New Drama by Dion Boucicault, Esq., *THE COLLEEN BAWN*.—Miss AGNES ROBERTSON and Mr. DION BOUCICAULT every evening.—On Monday and during the week, *THE RIFLE CORPS*. Messrs. W. Smith, D. Fisher, Selby, Miss Woolgar, K. Kelly, and Mrs. Billington. *THE COLLEEN BAWN*. Messrs. D. Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, C. J. Smith, Romer, Warde, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley. After which, *SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS*. Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. W. Smith, P. Bedford, Mr. Romer. To conclude with *MUSIC HATH CHARMS*. Mr. D. Fisher, Romer, Warde; Miss K. Kelly. Commence at Seven.

**CORREGGIO'S ECCE HOMO**, the long-sought Replica of the National Gallery Picture, which the most eminent judges pronounce the finest painting in this country, is ON VIEW, from Ten till Nine (Admission, 6d.), at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 119, Oxford-street.

**RELIEF of LUCKNOW.**—Barker's Picture.—This Grand Historical PICTURE is NOW ON VIEW at 79, Cornhill.—N.B. The Portraits of Lord Clyde, Sir J. Outram, Sir John Inglis, the late Sir H. Havelock, Col. Alison, &c., will also be exhibited. Admission free by private address card.—HAYWARD and LEGGATT, 79, CORNHILL.

**MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE** of the FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

**MADLE ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES** of "SCENES IN SCOTLAND," and "SPAIN AND FRANCE," are NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

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## THE LONDON REVIEW

AND

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

THE States of the Pope are divided by the Apennines into two regions; one sloping to the shores of the Adriatic, and the other to the seaboard of the Mediterranean, into both of which separate armies have entered from Northern Italy. The western army, proceeding from the highlands of Tuscany, has descended into the basin of the Tiber, towards Rome, by Castello, Perugia, Todi, and Orvieto. It has stopped in its progress at the place last named, where it is in immediate proximity to French troops, who have marched northwards from Civita Vecchia, to check an insurrection at Viterbo. While this is the position of the Piedmontese forces to the west of the Apennines, the great body of the army has descended southward along the seaboard of the Adriatic, taking in succession the towns of Urbino, Fano, and Sinegaglia.

Under the walls of Ancona, a short but desperate battle took place on Tuesday, the 18th. The Papal troops, headed by Lamoricière, to the number of 10,000, attacked the position of General Cialdini, but were totally defeated, the wounded, among whom was General Pimodan, with 600 prisoners, falling into the hands of the Piedmontese. After the battle, the greater portion of the Pontifical army capitulated, although General Lamoricière, with a few horsemen, succeeded in reaching Ancona by passing through the defiles of Monte Canaro. Beyond the walls of Ancona there is not now one Pontifical battalion. The Royal troops occupy a strong position in the neighbourhood, while the Neapolitan naval squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Persano, having doubled Cape Spartivento, have attacked the city from the sea.

For some time back Garibaldi has been fully employed at Naples, where he has found it necessary to introduce legislative changes, which, however excellent in themselves, will provoke a formidable opposition to his power. He has liberated all political offenders from the prisons of Naples, abolished the custom-house barriers between Sicily and the mainland, introduced trial by jury in penal causes, and suppressed the order of the Jesuits in all parts of the kingdom. To carry out such measures a strong government is clearly requisite, and it is unfortunate that Garibaldi is obliged to quit Naples when his presence there is so necessary. He is determined, for some time at least, to retain the dictatorship. In a recent proclamation to the people of Palermo he reminds them that if he had listened to the miserable men who spoke of immediate annexation, he would not now have addressed them from the beautiful capital of Southern Italy. To this announcement he unfortunately adds, that he will proclaim the kingdom of Italy, not at

Palermo or Naples, but from the summit of the Quirinal, which has been interpreted into a threat that he will, should he find it necessary, attack the French troops at Rome.

The advance of the Sardinian army into the Papal territory was followed, on the 14th, by a short note in the *Moniteur*, which announced the withdrawal of the French minister from the Court of Turin, and the dissatisfaction of the Emperor with the course adopted by the Government of Sardinia. This note has been followed by elaborate articles in the *Pays* and *Constitutionnel*, which endeavour to justify this step, and to shew the consistency of the policy pursued by France. A more intelligible memorandum or circular has, in anticipation of these documents, been addressed by the Sardinian Government to their representatives at foreign courts, accompanied, it is said, by a confidential despatch, stating that Garibaldi had given the Sardinian Government to understand, that if the Sardinian army did not enter the Roman territory, the Neapolitan army of invasion would do so.

At Toulon, it was reported in the beginning of the week, that another attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor of the French,—this time not by a political fanatic, but by an ordinary maniac. The statement has been since contradicted in the Paris evening journals of Wednesday, which are instructed to say that it is altogether false. Whatever may have happened, certain it is that no incident has occurred to interfere with the imperial tour. In the end of last week the Emperor left France for Africa. On Saturday he disembarked at Port Mahon, where he had arranged to meet the Queen of Spain; and at noon, on Monday, he arrived at Algiers, where he was received by the Bey of Tunis.

From Austria the news is of the deepest interest. The Government are making every exertion to increase the army, but they find that so many Austrian subjects have been allowed to enter the service of the Pope and the King of Naples, that men are not to be obtained to fill the gaps existing in the service. A large bounty is in vain offered to volunteers, and lads of fifteen are readily accepted as recruits. The utmost dread is felt that Garibaldi, instead of attacking Venice, will proceed from the western to the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, and, disembarking there, will enter Hungary, and, at the head of the Magyar population, descend upon Vienna. At Fiume, accordingly, the Austrians are concentrating troops and constructing earthworks. The Hungarians are, it is believed, ready to rise at a moment's notice, while correspondence, published in the newspapers of Milan, shows that the inhabitants of Istria and the districts round Fiume are enthusiastically devoted to the cause of Italian liberty.

If a Hungarian revolution should burst forth, it is to Russia alone that Austria must look for assistance; and that assistance may be obtained in this quarter is not improbable. Count de Toll, aide-de-camp general of the Emperor of Russia, in fact, arrived at Vienna on Monday last, with an autograph letter of the Czar, inviting the Emperor of Austria to an interview at Warsaw, which has been accepted. The Prince Regent of Prussia agreed to be present at the interview, which will take place on the 14th of next month. The *Invalides Russes* doubts the possibility of any reconciliation between the two emperors; and, in a series of articles on Panslavism, virtually incites the Slavonic population of Austria to seek for a union with Russia. That Russia anticipates a struggle, in which she may be involved, is apparent. In the camp near Warsaw, 50,000 men will soon be concentrated. More than an equal number of troops, originally intended for the same destination, have been ordered to proceed to the south, where they are to form a second line of attack against Turkey.

While the Czar is concentrating his forces in Bessarabia, while discontent is manifested openly with the Turkish Government in every part of the empire, and while the disasters in Syria are not yet remedied, a much more serious evil has come prominently into view, which threatens, in a few months, to bring the present system of government to an abrupt termination. The finances are in a hopeless state of embarrassment, the Government having it no longer in its power to borrow on the security either of taxes or customs. More than half of the revenues of this year have been already absorbed in payment of loans made to the State during the previous season, and the balance does not suffice to pay the current expenses of the executors. The salaries of the civil servants of the Government have not been paid for six months, while the pay due to the army is eighteen months in arrear. The last sum obtained by the Sultan amounted to 75,000 Turkish pounds, for which 60 per cent. is to be paid, on the security of a residue of the unpledged dues of the Constantinople Custom House. There is not a copper left in the treasury. A foreign loan alone can avert revolution. Under these circumstances, the Grand Vizier is on his way to the Courts of Paris and London.

What may be described as a fourth great Volunteer review took place on Tuesday last at Gloucester, a city chosen with great propriety as a rendezvous for the riflemen of the English south-western and Welch counties, not only as a centre to which the railways from all quarters converge, but as the place which set the example to this part of the island in the formation of rifle corps, when the movement was first thought of. The total number of troops on the ground was 6,093, five thousand spectators being accommodated with stands, while ten thousand were scattered over the muster-ground—a large flat common, almost inclosed in a bend of the Severn, and situated in that picturesque part of the great vale of England which lies between the



Cotswold and the Malvern Hills. The day was fine, and the spectacle was in every way one of which Englishmen might be proud.

The next great gathering takes place on the 28th current, at York, where the Volunteers from all the three Ridings will assemble; so that a demonstration on an extensive scale may be anticipated.

There can be little doubt that the Volunteer movement begins to develop the military instincts in the English population. But for it would Captain Styles have met with so much success in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh? The first regular body of the "Excursionists," two hundred and fifty strong, left the Fenchurch-street Station, between five and six on Sunday morning, *en route* for Naples. They embarked on board the *Melazzo* steamer at Tilbury. They will be followed by another detachment, nearly one thousand strong.

Notwithstanding the general enthusiasm for the Italian cause, the Garibaldi Fund has not, in all parts of the empire, been contributed to with the liberality which might have been anticipated. To make a collection in aid of this fund and to express sympathy with Garibaldi, a meeting was held on Tuesday night at Deptford, Mr. Angerstein, the member for Greenwich, taking the chair. In an effective speech the Reverend Mr. H. N. Barnett, of South-street chapel, stated that he had seen the two hundred and fifty excursionists before they embarked at Tilbury. He was proud to say that they were not the rag-tag and bob-tail of the country, but fine tall fellows, young gentlemen, for the most part conversant with the outrages which have been perpetrated upon the suffering populations of Italy, and actuated by pure and patriotic motives.

The meeting of persons interested in the growth of cotton in the tropical possessions of England, referred to in our last number, took place on the 14th current, in the Town Hall at Manchester. Mr. Bazley, who took the chair, dwelt at some length upon the supineness exhibited, more especially in the Manchester district, on this question, which was one of interest, and not, as some persons seem to have imagined, of pure philanthropy. The promoters of the undertaking, however, do not seem in any way damped by the lack of enthusiasm hitherto manifested for their schemes. They confidently anticipate a return of 25 per cent., and one of their number was sanguine enough to assert, that it will be the fault of the directors if the proposed association do not become a second East-India Company, entering upon its career under better and more favourable auspices than its great predecessor.

The missionary movement in the English universities, which Dr. Livingston has striven so anxiously to combine with colonial enterprise and cotton cultivation in Central Africa, but which contemplates as well direct intercourse with the Christian sects of the East, has recently shown symptoms of undiminished vitality. The Patriarch of the Armenian Church has met the advances of the great theological seminaries of England. He has expressed a strong desire for a closer communion with the Anglican Church, and to effect this object the Reverend George Williams, B.D., a Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has set out for Armenia, with the view of assisting the Eastern Churches in establishing hostels at Cambridge for the education of young men from Armenia and Georgia, and the neighbouring provinces of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. The government of St. Petersburg have already resolved to found one seminary at Cambridge for the education of their Armenian subjects, and it is understood that their example will be followed by the native Christians south of the Russian frontier, who are expected to send a number of young men to Cambridge, headed by an Armenian bishop, who will watch over them while they remain at the University.

The coroner's jury, in the case of the Helmsshore accident, have now completed their inquiry, returning, in conformity with the evidence, a verdict of accidental death, but finding at the same time that the amount of break-power was insufficient, the number of guards too small for so large a train, and recommending the attention of the directors to the evidence of Colonel Yolland, who gives his opinion that a station should never exist at a point where the descent is so rapid as to admit of the carriages running away. The couplings were, it appears, as strong as they should have been, too great strength in these articles being undesirable, as they should be made so that they may snap if dragged off the line by any accident to the locomotive.

The Queen arrived at Osborne on Tuesday morning. This day she will embark at Gravesend for the continent. Her Majesty will be met, on landing, by the King of the Belgians, at Coblenz by our ambassador at Frankfort, and at Aschaffenburg by the English ambassador at the court of Bavaria, who will accompany the royal party to Coburg Gotha.

On the 1st of September, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the new Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, which has been fixed upon by the Queen, at the request of the Canadians themselves, as the site of the future capital of Canada. At his entrance into the Great Lakes a rather unpleasant incident occurred. The Orangemen of Kingston resolved to erect an arch, and to march in procession. Knowing the state of feeling between Protestants and Catholics in this part of Canada, the Duke of Newcastle intimated that the Prince would not land unless the Orangemen agreed to suppress all party demonstration. This they declined to do, so the Prince proceeded to Toronto at the other extremity of Lake Ontario, where preparations for his reception had been made on a scale which even exceeded in splendour those accorded him at other Canadian cities.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE rainy weather, which returned at the close of last week, and continued through the early part of this, has again increased the upward tendency of the price of wheat; at least, in the language of the Corn Market, it has become firmer. A check has, in consequence, been given to business in other markets, and in them slackness has been the rule. Of course, the great daily buying and selling in all markets goes on incessantly, but has gone so regularly this week that there is no change of importance to notice. Prices, even on the Stock Exchange, were almost unaltered till Wednesday, when the influx of the precious metals, and the comparative dulness of enterprise, making money rather more plentiful, and there being no political cause for increased distrust, they improved somewhat. Railway shares, too, have continued to increase in value, though much business has not been done in them. Traffic, it is noticed, is rather declining on the western lines, while it is increasing on the others. The rate of discount, generally, remains unaltered; but money is more easy, and first-rate bills can be discounted at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The appearance in the Bankruptcy Court of Messrs. Streatfield, Laurence, and Mortimore, the great leather-dealers, who failed on July 2, is the chief commercial event of interest. No partner of the name of Streatfield is now in existence, the name having been kept before the public after its owner had disappeared from the scene. Instead of Streatfield, however, a Mr. Schrader appears as a partner, carrying on business, in conjunction with Laurence and Mortimore, at Liverpool. The house in St. Mary Axe has been established, it appears, fifty-four years, and seems to have been, in common with many other houses, in difficulties in 1857. At that period it had discounted with the Bank of England to the extent of £120,000, and the Bank would discount no more without collateral securities. Title deeds were deposited in 1859, which never afterwards were redeemed. The difficulties of the house must have been long apparent to the managers, and to others dealing with them; yet, in 1860, it is found under discount to Overend, Gurney, & Co. to the extent of £160,000 to £180,000, and still sought more advances, and more were made to it—it was propped up. Mr. Chapman, according to the evidence of Mr. Laurence, said, "You must not stop;" and the result was that the house which was "propped up," which had propped up others in believing them all to be equally sound, at length failed for £925,395, of which £271,375 was lost by "propping up" smaller houses. The total assets were £195,245. But while these immense losses are incurred by the house, the partners' separate estates are said to show a surplus,—Laurence's of £30,387, Mortimore's of £28,203, and Schrader's of £4,819. They took, however, from the concern while it was making, not profits, but losses, from January 1, 1857, the sum of £51,956 for their private purposes, or about £5,000 a year each; and their separate estates might well be large as they thus lived on their creditors. All the books were so well kept as to merit much praise, and all parties to their transactions seem to have been satisfied with the careful entries of all the multiplied transactions. The bankrupts were consequently allowed to pass. There is for us something very curious in these "satisfactory accounts;" for, notwithstanding their great accuracy and their great minuteness, they did not make Mr. Laurence acquainted with his own position. He believed, according to his own deposition, that just before the failure, the house had a surplus of £328,000, including a reserve fund of £85,000. What an enormous delusion did these very accurate and minute accounts encourage in this eminently great business man, who kept up many small houses, and who at the time of his failure was under discount to the extent of £447,237. Looking at the balance-sheets presented to the public, and the manner in which this gentleman was deluded, and deluded others by his books, we cannot help concluding that the very minute and accurate way of framing "balance-sheets" now common, rather than keeping a register of loss and gain, is calculated to mystify both the dealer and the public. Since the business of an accountant has become so extremely lucrative, it may be supposed that the experts, like experts in other professions, like to involve their own business in mystery, and hence accounts intended to give explanation are with great difficulty comprehended, even if their enigmas, after much study, be not insolvable.

Next to the faulty mode of keeping accounts, which deluded the unfortunate Mr. Laurence, we must attribute the failure to the vastness of the concern. In modern times some undertakings and speculations ramify into so many branches that, so far as magnitude is concerned, they resemble matters of state,—the very gigantic nature of which causes them to be improperly comprehended and imperfectly dealt with. As Mr. Laurence knew nothing certain about his own concern, it is not at all surprising that he was ignorant of the condition of all the minor concerns he propped up, nor that all were rotten together. Ignorance, either real or assumed, combined with a desire to get wealth—the ruling passion—for all men, from the first minister of state downwards, say "they must have money,"—lies at the bottom of these lamentable disorders. We cannot join others in railing at facility of discounts and extent of credit, because these are now essential to society. Credit is only another name for confidence, and a merchant or money-dealer is no more justified in entering into large transactions with another without some satisfactory assurance besides a mere show of wealth and respectability, than he has to take a man into partnership because he is well dressed. As the rule, owners of money-capital are not employers of capital. These are to be found in the active, enterprising, skilful, younger portion of society, and only in their hands and by their skill and habits can the realized property of others be put to a profitable use for them and the whole of society. The enterprising men must therefore be trusted, and when great failures occur, we may be sure that, as in this case, the lenders have not used due caution in carrying on their business.

The price of rice has risen in the week; and the price of cattle and sheep has further declined, so has the price of tea.



## THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XI.

MR. WAGSTAFFE DISCOURSES UPON "SLANG."

I AM not satisfied with the manner in which Slang has been treated by "THE LONDON REVIEW," or by its correspondent, Mr. Slangham. I have perhaps said enough about Slop, and the Slop system, as proof of the insolidity as well as the immorality of the age. But Slop and its ramifications by no means exhaust the question. To the instances of deterioration—material and moral—which I have cited as characteristics of our time, a few words may be added on the deterioration of our noble English language—[the richest, most pliable, most useful, and most expansive language in the world]—by the constant introduction of slang words and phrases, and the daily use made of them, by persons of education and supposed refinement. It is especially among the young men of our day that the vice has taken root; and from the young men it has extended to the young women—too many of whom take as naturally to a course of weak and attenuated slang as to hoops and red stockings.

Perhaps the prevalence of slang words, and slang ideas, in this age may be caused by excessive smoking and its ignoble concomitants, or by the depraved taste for comic literature, falsely so called (for there is little comedy and no wit in it), or by that general lowering of the tone of public sentiment, of which "Slop," moral as well as material, is one of the most unwholesome symptoms. Our forefathers had a very odious vice—that of profane swearing; but I am not sure if the vice of their more effeminate sons—that of vulgar-speaking—is not more detestable, and that it does not show a greater depravity of moral feeling. If a round hearty oath implied anything, it was either honest indignation, hasty choler, silly impatience, or mere parrot-like imitation; but the habitual employment of slang words and phrases implies something worse, and meaner than any of these. Slang words imply, in him who uses them, a want of reverence for things that are worthy of it. If a son constantly speaks of his father as the "Governor," or the "Relieving-officer,"—he may be a good son, but he has not that respect for the sacred name of "father" which every true son ought to express as well as feel. If a man cannot use the simple word, the "sea," or the "ocean," but must say that he has been walking by or bathing in "the briny," we may be quite certain that he has fallen into the evil habit of irreverence, and that the contemplation of the sea yields no such emotions of joy or beauty to his mind as it yields to others of finer sensibilities and taste less corrupted. When another speaks of his "old woman" and his "kids," he may love his wife and children as much as he ought; but he betrays by his language that he has associated with low-minded companions—been contaminated by evil communications—lost his good manners, if he ever had any, and failed to reach that high mental and moral platform where stands the true gentleman.

When a man, young or old—worse by far if he be old,—speaks of his clothes as his "togs," of his hat as his "tile," of his pocket-handkerchief as his "wipe," of his cravat as his "choker," of his watch as his "ticker," of his food as his "grub," of his money as his "tin," of a shilling as a "bob," of pence as "brads" or "browns," and offers to pay his reckoning by stating that he will "fork out," or "shell out," or "come down with the dust," he is not a gentleman. He may be a lord, or a baronet, or an honest poor fellow; but he who speaks a language not fit for costermongers—and a jargon that ought to be left to the low betting-man, the burglar, and the pickpocket.

When you hear a man or a woman use the word "jolly" on all, or most occasions, instead of very,—saying that A is "jolly green," or B "jolly stupid," or C "jolly slow," or that the weather is "jolly hot" or "jolly cold,"—or when you hear another use the epithet "awful" in a similar sense, saying of such a one that he is an "awful swell," or an "awful ass," or an "awful humbug," or that so-and-so ran or walked, or ate or drank, or roared or laughed "like one o'clock," erase their names from your visiting-book, and cease companionship or acquaintanceship with them as quickly as you can. They are not of the right coinage of mind. The true image and superscription are not upon them. They are of base metal, and should not pass into, but out of, the society of gentlemen and ladies.

If a person newly introduced to you says he will "do the handsome," or "the needful," and characterises anything that astonishes him as a "stunner," or a "screamer," anything that pleases him as "plummy," "spicy," "cheesy," or "the cheese;" talks of his friend as a "brick," or of his cigar as a "weed," you may do business with him, if you have a business, but you will be ill-advised if you invite him to dinner.

As for women (I cannot call them ladies) who use such words;—however fair and chaste they may be;—if they be lovely as Venus and immaculate as Diana,—they injure their chances of matrimony if they be single, and injure matrimony itself if they be married. Men are indulgent to their own vices, but they detest and abhor to see the same vices in a woman. A man may smoke and talk slang without loss of character; but let a woman do either, and the man who is most guilty of either practice will be disgusted. The ladies, God bless them! do not smoke; every true lady detests tobacco smoke as an outrage to the purity of her presence, as well as to that of her dress, and the furniture of her room; but there are women in our day who have caught from the ruder sex the contagion of male—it cannot be called manly—Slang, and who talk of giving a servant "the sack," of their husbands having "kicked up a shindy," of their having had "their dander up," or of their having "been choused" out of a

new shawl or bonnet. Let such fair inconsiderates, whether they be wives of grocers or of peers, reflect a little on the offence of which they are guilty. A solecism in language is as painful as a false note in music. It grates harsh discord upon the ear, and creates pain as well as displeasure. It is not given to every one to be refined; but it is given to every one to be natural. The plain, rude dialect of an uneducated boor may be agreeable to the man of taste and learning; but the slang of the educated and the half-educated is simply vulgar and detestable. Better and far nobler the broad, honest speech of the peasant and artizan, with all its peculiarities of accent and grammar, than the heartless, brainless jargon born of the streets, the stables, and the tap-rooms of great cities, and which thence floats upward to infect the minds of the young at the imitative period of life, when anything and everything evil may be learned. The youth of fourteen thinks it manly to walk up and down Regent-street with a cigar in his mouth; so, for the same reason, he thinks it gentlemanly to ape the language of his elders. The evil is no slight one, and is not simply a question of taste, but of morals and religion and of national character. It may be a proof of advanced civilization; but the advance borders upon rottenness, and prefigures dissolution. Chaucer, in a noble line of his almost forgotten poems, says that

"Men shall not wenin everything a lie;"

but those who speak slang, do ween everything a lie. They are men without reverence, who, worse than the diplomatist who said that speech was given to us to conceal our thoughts, use it as if it were only given us to debase and defile them. They are jesters without wit, buffoons without drollery, scoffers without an object, scorners without a conscience,—fellows who laugh without mirth, speak without sense, and parody without intellect.

It may be said that the Slang to which I take such objections, and to which I attribute so many evil qualities, direct and indirect, is so gross and palpable as to be of necessity left to the conversation of the great and the little vulgar, and to be entirely excluded from literature—but it is not so. We not only find Slang on the stage, and in what are called the comic publications of the day,—in the books of the "funny" men who write Comic Histories of England, and Comic English Grammars, and who would write a Comic Bible if they could clear a few pounds by the performance,—but in that higher class of literature which takes the shape of leading articles in the daily newspapers. There is a kind of literary and professional Slang, which though of a less vulgar character than the Slang of the streets, nevertheless tends, in no inconsiderable degree, to sully the purity and impair the strength of our language.

Take the word "ventilate," for instance, which is now so constantly used in newspapers, in Parliament, and in good society, as an equivalent for "discuss." There is neither necessity for, nor force in the expression. To ventilate is to let in air or wind; and if to ventilate a question, mean to let in wind upon it, in the form of mere talk and windy words, there may be some appropriateness in it, in a metaphorical sense; but when the Marquis de Malaprop declares in the House of Lords that he is anxious to "ventilate" the affairs of Italy, and Mr. Pogrom asserts in the House of Commons that the administration of the navy, and the jobbery of the dock-yards cannot be too often or too much "ventilated," they cease to be metaphorical, and speak a parliamentary or professional Slang. Newspaper editors, critics and reporters, as well as novelists and essayists, also make use of certain favourite phrases, which by their daily iteration become Slang. When a journalist cannot say that he "suspects" anything, without informing the world that he "shrewdly" suspects it,—or when a novelist cannot describe the handsome face of a man, or the lovely face of a woman, without stating that the features are finely "chiselled," or the eyebrows finely "cut,"—they are severally guilty of the use of literary Slang. The particular suspicion may be very "foolish," and not at all "shrewd"; and how can a living face be "chiselled," or an eyebrow be "cut," unless by a sharp instrument?

Among the most common Slang phrases of this description which are continually thrust before the eyes of readers, are that such a scene "beggars description," or may be "more easily imagined than described;" that fire is a "devouring element;" that the writer "can safely say" so and so; that such a man's writings are "household words;" that such and such a fact "speaks volumes;" that such an event happened "not a hundred miles from" Little Pedlington; or that such and such an article or poem in a magazine or book "is well worth the whole price of the volume." Now the price of the volume may perhaps be a shilling, or half-a-crown;—ergo, the article or poem in question is worth a shilling or half-a-crown. This is but poor praise at the best, and very loosely worded.

But these offences are comparatively venial. If they are silly they are not immoral. Not so the Slang or Argot spoken by gipsies and thieves. Even that, if it be confined to thieves, may be admitted to be a very interesting subject for philological study. Thieves' language, as such, and when it is spoken by people who know no other, merits the respect which every real thing commands, on account of its reality, if for nothing else; but when it gets into the mouths of honest men, and of those who would knock you down if you dared to say they were blackguards, it becomes not alone disgusting, but pernicious. I may be called by such people, in their own slang, an "old fogie" for saying so, but its common prevalence shows, I think, a deterioration of the moral character of the age, and may have a greater effect in producing swindlers, forgers, and fraudulent bankers than is commonly imagined.



## MEN OF MARK.—No. II.

## LORD LYNDHURST.

It may be doubted whether any country in the world can boast three such men as Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell. A neighbouring state may produce one or two great lawyers and judges who have also distinguished themselves in her legislative assemblies; but revolutions and changes of dynasty have at one time condemned them to silence, and at another have exposed them to charges of political apostasy. It has been the happier destiny of the great men we have selected as the subject of this and a following article, to preserve a golden constancy in their public aims, and as much consistency in their political career as can be expected from fallible mortals. Three judges equally venerable, equally distinguished for learning, integrity, and impartiality, could scarcely be found, either on the European or American continent. But, when we remember that they are not less celebrated for their knowledge of the law than for the success with which they have laboured for its reform and improvement—when we superadd to their claims as law reformers their world-wide fame as orators and politicians—when we recollect that they have not only taken a large and active share in home politics, but have done much to uphold the reputation of the British Senate as the great platform of freedom, and the last and sure refuge of the oppressed of all races and all climes,—we may congratulate the England of Bacon, Somers, and Mansfield that her great men have not all died out, or left themselves without witnesses in these later days.

And first of all of Lord Lyndhurst. We shall suppose it to be some five-and-twenty years ago. We are in the House of Lords. The month is July. Some great event is surely expected, for the House is unusually crowded. Melbourne, gay, easy, smiling, *insouciant*, is Prime Minister. He looks, perhaps, more indifferent than he is; his colleagues undoubtedly appear glum and ill at ease. The "Great Duke" is the central figure on the front Opposition bench. On his right is a tall handsome man, who looks about fifty, but may be older, who divides with Wellington the gaze of "neighbouring eyes." Members come in from the Commons, and fill the space below the bar. Peel, Stanley, Graham, and Goulburn, occupy the area in front of the Throne, which is reserved for eldest sons of peers, ministers, and ex-ministers from the Lower House. When the auditory have composed themselves in their places, the handsome-looking man advances to the table. His well-proportioned figure is set off by a surtout of faultless elegance, and he looks a gentleman, every inch of him. His features are regular, and indicate to the most careless observer great intellectual power. The mouth is compressed, but has a "knowing," and, as the Scotch would say, an "uncanny" look about it. It is clear that sarcasm is his forte, and that the figure called irony is not unknown to him. With a glance round every part of the House, which denotes perfect self-possession, and elicits encouraging cries of "Hear" from the peers behind him, the orator says he proposes, with their Lordships' permission, to enter upon a brief REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

It would first be necessary to carry their lordships back to the speech from the Throne, and the ministerial announcements in the other House of the measures to be proposed to Parliament. It would then be necessary to trace these measures separately, and to see how much had been left undone, and how much had been accomplished. By this time the stranger in the gallery has remarked a singular clearness, terseness, and simplicity in the speaker. There seems to be no straining after effect—nothing artificial in the structure of the sentences. Just so many words, and no more, are used as are necessary to put you in complete possession of his meaning. The elocution is perfect, the voice clear, the intonation musical. A graceful gesture with the right arm is at first sparingly introduced, to infuse attention and impart dignity to the exordium. By and by, as the proofs of the demonstration crowd upon the orator, and become more momentous, his gestures become more impetuous, as of one who strives to subdue and overwhelm. That is a terrible catalogue of five-and-twenty years ago! Two or three of the great measures of the Session have been totally wrecked. One or two considerable measures have received the Royal Assent; but they have been either grievously marred by injudicious ministerial adherents, or wonderfully improved by the orator's friends. The Budget has been a ridiculous failure; and their lordships laugh long and merrily (as they have done since) at the pitiless history of the financial proposals of the Whigs. The law reforms of the Session are next dissected by the same merciless and unsparing hand. Perhaps the orator is too much of a partizan to be impartial in his criticisms. Perhaps he does not make sufficient allowance for the growth of "talk" in the Lower House, which was beginning to strangle legislation, although it had not then attained to its present foul and rank luxuriance. The orator is just and impartial enough for the better half of his audience. The Great Duke cries "Hear, hear," and says to his neighbour, "That is the English I tried to write." Peel would have envied the orator his transparent clearness, if he could have envied anybody anything. The occupants of the Treasury benches are uneasy at being held up to the country as noodles, as having made prodigious promises and small performances. The stranger in the gallery thinks there must be some flaw in the logic, yet the ratiocination seems perfect, and the great fact remains that the end of the Session has approached and very little has been done. As for the Opposition Peers, their delight knows no bounds. Next to the delight of being in Downing-street, is the satisfaction of proving that you ought to be there, and that the nation is going to ruin in your absence. Ineffably mean, little, "pottering," and decrepid does Lord Melbourne's Ministry appear, as portrayed by that vigorous and unflattering pencil. Some kind of answer is no doubt attempted. Various excuses, more or less reasonable, are certainly set up. Some hints, not very obscurely expressed, are thrown out, of factious opposition to Government measures by the orator's friends "in another place." But Opposition Peers go home arm-in-arm in high feather, and next day old aldermen prophesy that the country has had enough of the Whigs, and that a reaction in favour of Toryism is certainly approaching.

The scene changes. We are in a magnificent saloon, burnished with gold and resplendent with colour. A queenly throne, with its ornate gilded canopy, occupies one end of this lofty and well-proportioned chamber. The Peers are assembled. The Lord Chancellor, with the mace behind him, occupies the woolsack. They wait for some one. An old man, leaning heavily on the arm of two friendly Peers, enters the House from the Council Chamber. His legs refuse their office, and hardly can he set one foot before the other. Slowly he moves down the House. If this be indeed the orator of a quarter of a century ago, how is it that he does not take his seat, as of yore, on the front Opposition bench? Has he outgrown Party? Has he become more candid—more liberal? When the aged Peer has nearly reached the gangway, he ascends to the second bench, and drops heavily into his seat, as if his legs were wood and his muscles had lost all their elasticity. See! they have made a hand-rail for him to grasp. It is attached to the bench below him; and should he wish to rise and address their lordships, he might, perhaps, with some difficulty, get upon his legs, by this friendly aid. But can these dry bones speak? Is this venerable atomy, whose tottering gait and shrunken limbs are suggestive of the cerecloth and the windingsheet likely to utter anything but a tremulous and faltering voice from the grave? Let us look at him more narrowly. He is an old man, but not so old as you had thought him, or as you will know him to be to-morrow, when you turn to "Dod's Peerage." He has a clear and undimmed eye, now shaded by coloured pantoscopic spectacles. There is a hectic colour on his cheeks, which are somewhat shrunk. His nose is small and regular; his mouth still compressed and expressive. You say involuntarily, when you look at his face, "That is the wreck of a handsome man;" and when you look at a certain dandyism in his dress, "That must have been a well-dressed man." His well-padded surtout would have satisfied the fourth George. His hat, which he puts on as soon as he takes his seat, is the best in the House, the most glossy, and the most juvenile. The Marquis of Bath would scorn to wear a brim so narrow, and Carnarvon's Earl never wore anything so unexceptionable at a *fête champêtre*. His trowsers are innocent of a wrinkle; and Stulz, when he departed this life, must have breathed into the ear of the aged Peer the name of the man most worthy to succeed to his vacant throne. The cheeks of this venerable personage are destitute of whisker, whereby his bust has been once or twice taken for Macready's. A clever scratch of Claude Melnotte elegance and juvenility knocks off twenty years from his age. Reader! the orator whom, a quarter of a century ago, you thought fifty, was then approaching sixty-five. The old man, whom you will hear presently—shamefully deserted and betrayed by his lower limbs, and whom you will pronounce to be a trifle over threescore and ten,—is fast verging upon his ninetieth year.

"Monstrous!" you will say. "Did any orator of distinction ever address a popular assembly at ninety? Does history make mention of any such wonderful old man? Does Homer venture to give such an age to the Nestor of the Greeks? Would not any poet put into the mouth of a man of ninety the counsels of second childhood, and the suggestions of dotage?" The feeble old man grasps the hand-rail, and with much difficulty gains his feet. His utterance is slow and measured, but there is no "childish treble," in the voice. It is the deep and manly bass of a quarter of a century ago, with a slight occasional tremulousness, infinitely touching, when he who speaks reminds those who hear that the valley of the shadow is before him,—that his tongue must soon be stilled, and his voice mute. At such moments the House of Lords presents a striking spectacle to the stranger in the gallery. The ministerial Peers can see the venerable orator without effort; but on the Opposition side every face on those crowded benches is turned to the aged Peer with an expression of deep interest and respect.

Does our British Nestor assert the privileges of his age by short, gossiping, garrulous speeches? Does he still engage in the party contests of his day, and contest with Lord Derby the leadership of the Conservative benches? Both questions must be answered in the negative. When Peel fell from his horse, and a great light was suddenly quenched, Wellington and Lyndhurst withdrew from politics. The survivor of that great companionship now breathes a higher, purer, serenest atmosphere. No ignoble or evanescent themes engage his oratory. Like the eagle-slayer of the sculptor, his arrows wing a strong and lofty flight at the king of birds. Is the Russian in the Principalities? Is the Neapolitan despot manacled and torturing without trial? Is the Frenchman in Savoy, threatening Switzerland and the Rhine with his army, while his fleet is preparing to measure itself with that of England? Our Nestor of ninety makes shift to get upon his legs. With unanswerable and elaborate proof, and resistless logic, he arraigns the offender at the bar of civilization and public opinion, charges the jury with judicial impartiality, and solemnly passes upon the wrongdoer the irrevocable sentence of posterity. When some great constitutional question arises, he is not content with a great speech, but shows himself capable of continued and untiring effort. Three or four years ago we saw this wonderful old man thoroughly aroused and alarmed by a proposal to create life-peerages. Putting himself at the head of the opposition to the scheme, he examined the authorities, collated the evidence, exhausted the facts and arguments in one speech, and replied to all the views and assertions of his opponents in another. He took the chair of a Select Committee, cross-examined the witnesses, scrutinized the black-letter parchments, drew up the report, and triumphantly established the right of the Upper House to interpose between the Crown and the new scheme of life-peers.

For some months the contest was carried on. The hectic cheek became more flushed, and the lower limbs more impracticable. But the will was as unconquerable, the intellect as clear, the brain as unclouded, as they were a quarter of a century ago. Peers who turned to that second bench above the gangway, looked significantly at each other, and exclaimed, "This will kill the old man." They were wrong. Since then he has warned us against the ambition of an inscrutable ally. Since then he has implored the Government to look to our first line of defence, and not to neglect our second and third. Since then he has vindicated the right of the Upper House to impeach and reject the financial



proposals of the Government. The old man, eloquent, does not pretend to be infallible. The caution of age may, as he admits, verge in him upon timidity, and bolder counsels may be wiser counsels for a nation in the full tide of her youth and strength. But it may not be denied that the aged orator rises to the heights of his great argument, and that the scene in the Upper Chamber on the now rare occasions when John Lord Lyndhurst is the centre of the picture, deserves to be painted by some royal academicians, not less eminent than the doubly celebrated father of the great lawyer and statesman.

### AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SAVONAROLA AND THE PRIOR OF S. MARCO.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PRIOR: Hieronimo! my dear Hieronimo! Afflicted I have often been, but never so cruelly as now. Thou art abandoned to thy enemies, and there is no escape. The Holy Father has found thee guilty.

SAVONAROLA: Alas! how many hath he both found and made so! My Holy Father, our Holy Father who is in heaven hath indeed found me guilty, from my youth upward, yet hath He vouchsafed to show me the light of His countenance, and commanded me to utter His will. And now His right hand is guiding me on the road of expiation for my manifold sins.

PRIOR: Thy sins! thy manifold sins! What mortal ever lived more chastely, more charitably, more devoutly? And to die thus! O merciful Saviour! Can man's flesh endure the flames?

SAVONAROLA: Yes, that flesh which our Lord hath chastened.

PRIOR: Thou hast the courage of a martyr. Yet the first and most blessed of martyrs, our Lord Himself, prayed His Father that the bitter cup might pass from Him.

SAVONAROLA: It did not pass from Him. He bowed His head on the cross, in obedience to His Father's will. Better men than I am have borne witness to the truth; and even I am deemed worthy to die for it.

PRIOR: Better men! None, none, none.

SAVONAROLA: Say not so. Providence hath seen it good that several of them lived longer and taught more efficaciously. Effeminate and vicious as are our Florentines, they will spring up again into manhood. Wicked princes and wicked pontiffs have misguided, corrupted, and enthralled them. Conflicting strangers have trampled on them, generation after generation. Deliverers (so they called themselves, and were believed) have deluded them and bartered them away.

PRIOR: No people has ever been so prone to adulation: and what have they gained by it? The rind and stones of their own peaches and pomegranates—the dregs of their own wine-presses. And this is the country which has longer been civilized than any other in Europe; which was flourishing a thousand years before Rome had risen from amid a mass of ruins, to be inhabited by robbers and murderers, who have left behind them a less valiant race, with similar propensities. The wolf has degenerated into the fox; the howl is softened into the whine, with an intermittent bark, and a more cautious prowling about the sheepfold. After the example of Lorenzo, the word *freethinker* is become a term of reproach. Yet the more free our thoughts are, the nearer do they ascend towards the realm of truth, towards Him who alone hath given us the power of thus ascending.

SAVONAROLA: Lorenzo, whose belief in God is doubtful, trusted to the wicked man who calls himself God's Vicegerent. That man is no Christian who assumes or permits to be styled "His Holiness," "His Beatitude;" Christ forbade His followers to call even Him so. When I stood at the deathbed of Lorenzo, in order, at his desire, to hear the confession of his sins, not one of the many and heinous did he confess, nor offer to make any retribution of what he had taken from every man in this country. "First of all," said I, "restore to the people the freedom bequeathed to them by their fathers." He turned round heavily on his bed, away from me. I left him. Peace be with his soul! if there be any peace where that soul is.

PRIOR: Why could he not have been contented with the eminence to which his fortune and his genius had raised him? No potentate in Europe possessed a third of his riches or of his residences. He commanded all climates: all exist in our little Tuscany. Pisa feels no sharp winter—Pratolino no intemperate heat. He commanded the breezes both of the ocean and of the Apennines. Here in Florence philosophers associated with him familiarly, and poets were often fed at his table.

SAVONAROLA: Their flyblows hastened his corruption. The constitution of the poetical mind is naturally feverish, and in most cases is corroded by the chronic disease of jealousy. He was subject to none of it; he saw no rival.

PRIOR: Sycophancy, if ever pardonable, is pardonable in poets. There are more flowers than fruits upon Parnassus, and the pastures under it are insufficient for the cattle. The songsters sit upon thorns, and clap their wings in conflict for a grain of millet.

SAVONAROLA: Not only poets, but graver men discoursed with Lorenzo. They might have taught him better.

PRIOR: They might have learnt better first. Their evenings and nights were spent in frivolous discussions and dissertations which they termed Platonic.

SAVONAROLA: Not improperly; for Plato's dialogues are mostly composed of cross-questionings and quibbles.

PRIOR: Oh, the clever foolishness of false philosophy! We Christians know what true philosophy is, and where to find it, and who the teacher. It is better to be guided by Him in the roughest path, than to sit with idle chatterers.

SAVONAROLA: These Platonists remind me of a game at which children play when they have no better plaything within reach. One lays his hand down flat,

another his upon it; and thus they alternate rapidly, until they are tired of the pastime. Then they slap each other on the knee, and run off laughing.

PRIOR: Nothing discomposes my Hieronimo. I never saw him before so near to facetiousness.

SAVONAROLA: I would rather think of children in frocks than of children in beards. Florence lies under my window, and I sadden at the sight of her.

PRIOR: Nevertheless, at this moment thou springest up alertly.

SAVONAROLA: Yes, yes; I am now a palm higher than I was. Florence, and the other fair cities of Italy, I feel assured, will be ashamed of their defilement. Truth will supplant falsehood, activity will trample upon sloth. The Sun of Righteousness will shine again. The prophets of old will show their countenances through the thunder-cloud, and raise their voices audibly. Dante lies in his tomb at Ravenna, but his spirit will return to your city, and reanimate a people half extinct.

PRIOR: What rattle is that below? Where are those carts going?

Sit down, sit down again,  
What are they carrying?

SAVONAROLA: Faggots and stouter stakes, and one of them several ells long. How many poor half-starved creatures might these have comforted at Christmas! The people are impatient for their bonfire, and sacerdotal stomachs are yearning for their dinner. Remain here until all is over.

PRIOR: Hieronimo, my Hieronimo! must we meet no more?

SAVONAROLA: Hush! hush! Meet! thou well knowest we shall: God alone knows when. Man's days are numbered; mine hath no numeral. May thine be as many as thy virtues, and as the blessings that are poured incessantly on thy head. Weep not; follow not one step farther; return to S. Marco when the smoke is blown over and is lost among the clouds.

### TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE regret so generally felt for the death of two such men as Sir Henry George Ward and Mr. James Wilson, is greatly enhanced by the difficulty of filling up, at this juncture, the important offices of Governor of Madras and Financial Councillor of India. Sir Henry Ward's success as governor in Corfu and in Ceylon, pointed him out as the best man for Madras; whilst general assent of all parties picked out Mr. Wilson for the task of reinstating the finances of India. He gave himself so thoroughly to the work for four months, that he perilled his life. But he made so much progress in the work, that he left an easier task to his successor. Speculation is, of course, rife as to who that successor is to be. I believe I am not far wrong in pointing to Mr. Laing, M.P. for the Northern Boroughs (Wick), and now Financial Secretary to the Treasury, as most likely to fill the post which Mr. Wilson held.

I believe that the more dignified post of Governor of Madras—though not so difficult to fill—will be given to Lord Napier, whose experience in the public service at Naples, Constantinople, the United States, and the Hague, has given him the very best training for the place. Lord Napier has exhibited the highest talents, and has accomplished the most decided successes, wherever he has been employed.

There will also be another place vacant at the Council-board at Calcutta, on account of Sir James Outram's return to Europe in ill-health. The "Old Indians"—that is to say, the Civil servants of the old Company—put in their claims for these high places in India, and do not want for *claqueurs* in their interest on all occasions. But the truth is, that there are too many of them in India already, and they are known to oppose themselves with the greatest pertinacity to the reforms—military, civil, and financial—so peremptorily required by the new régime. We hope and believe that Sir Charles Wood will have the courage to resist their adherence to the old system, which has very nearly lost India, and reduced her finances to disorder.

I believe it was Lord Ellenborough who declared that he knew the rules of the Queen's Bench to be stretched as far as India, to suit the convenience of the gentlemen who, in the old days of imprisonment for debt, availed themselves of the ancient privileges. Lord Palmerston, I am told, considers his country seat as sufficiently within reach of Downing-street, since the establishment of telegraphs, and the shortening of the distance to two hours by rail to Broadlands, whence he can reach London so easily. He comes up when wanted, and, ordinarily, upon one day in each week. Lord John Russell is in town for the week, and will attend Her Majesty to Coburg and Berlin on Saturday. Sir Charles Wood is also in town, in constant attendance every day at his new office in Westminster.

The unexpected death of Mr. Joseph Locke is felt very much in his profession, so lately deprived of Stephenson and Brunel. He will be also missed in the House of Commons, where he was a very useful member. He was self-raised, and almost self-educated, and is said to have left property worth half a million sterling. His seat for Honiton will probably be filled by his friend, Mr. George Moffatt, who lost Ashburton at the last general election by the narrow majority of one.

From the best information I can glean, I look upon the Neapolitan question as settled. The talk of 50,000 royal troops behind Capua and Volturmo, in defence of the king, is a myth. The reign of the Bourbons in Italy is a legend of the past. The stories of differences between Garibaldi and Cavour are all weak inventions of the enemy. They are both working for the same ends, with different instruments, and in congenial ways. The decrees of Garibaldi, of which I have seen the originals, are all issued in the name of "Vittore Emmanuele, Re d'Italia." The Jesuits are exiled. The political prisoners are released. Passports—internal—are entirely abolished throughout all the Italian states. In due time we shall have railways and free-trade throughout the whole length and breadth of "United Italy."



The turn of the Pope is come. There was no doubt that Lamoricière would strike one last blow. Is that blow outside the walls of Ancona the last one? I believe it is, notwithstanding the speculations so cleverly indulged in by the French and English papers. The port of Ancona is blockaded by the fleet of the "King of Italy." There is no hope of Austrian aid from that side. The retreat of the mercenary army is also cut off by the fleet. A forced march through the mountains of the Abruzzi, surrounded by a hostile population, and without provisions, is out of the question. The Algerian general must yield, and give up his sword to the King of Italy elect, and not to the Lady of Loretto. Rome itself will be surrounded before many days. Garibaldi will meet with no serious resistance in his march from the south, and the legions of Lamoricière are already scattered. What, then, will the Holy Father do? What can he do? "The intervention of Austria in Italy is at an end for ever." So says one of the latest manifestoes of the master of the French garrison at Rome.

The Pope, therefore, cannot look to Austria, as he used to do. Will he abandon Rome? I think not. He might not find it so easy to get back this time. He has no quarter to go to for a resting-place. He would do better to temporize, as popes have done before;—open the gates of Rome to the army of Italy, and crown the brave king who is the choice of the united people. After all, this would be only exchanging foreign for native protection; and his person, as well as his ecclesiastical power, would be better protected by Italian than by Austrian, or even by French troops. If not in this mode, at least by some mode or other, I firmly believe in Garibaldi's promise to date from the Quirinal once more. The game of *non possumus* is played out, and even the College of Cardinals should better see the expediency of making terms, whilst yet they may.

As the season for country excursions draws to a close, the caterers for public amusements in town begin to bestir themselves for the coming winter campaign. It is notorious that last winter the metropolitan theatres in general did well. This was a good deal owing to the general prosperity and content, and to the fact of money—if not more plentiful—being more equally diffused. The success of the last season has given an impetus to that which is approaching. The notes of preparation are heard on all sides—even to the south and the far east of the metropolis. First in rank and importance is Her Majesty's Theatre, where opera—Italian and English—is announced for every night in the week. The proprietors are perfectly right not to leave this fine house fallow in the winter months. The reign of exclusiveness has long passed away at "Her Majesty's Theatre." We doubt, however, the propriety of mixing up Italian and English Opera. Neither the stage, the orchestra, nor the audiences, will work harmoniously together. The Italians are to have their old days, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; whilst the English are to rule on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. We fear it will not do. The subscribers on one set of nights, and the general public, "at playhouse prices," on the other, will be always making mistakes, and creating confusion.

The Italian company is strong—in singers; but where are the musicians to come from? The English company is also strong. We are promised two new operas, by Macfarren and Vincent Wallace; but Balfé is secured for Covent Garden; and there is nothing said of the ballet, which was always a leading attraction at this house. In the practical sense of making the most of his space, Mr. Smith has let the old concert-room—now the *Bijou* Theatre, to M. Talaxy, late manager of the French plays at St. James's, for the performance of French comedies, vaudevilles, &c. How these varied and cosmopolitan performers can go on smoothly under one roof, and presented simultaneously, we are at a loss to determine.

The English opera at Covent Garden opens on the 8th October, under the excellent, and hitherto successful, management of Miss Pyne and W. Harrison, with Mr. Alfred Mellon conductor, as before. This scheme is more simple and consistent, and more likely to succeed, more particularly as the pretty ballets of last winter—brief, but lively, are to be renewed. Balfé's new opera is finished; but the season opens with "Lurline," to be introduced with new stage effects.

The fine old patent theatre in Drury-lane is also to be opened on the 8th October, at cheap prices, as before. Mr. Smith has secured some valuable additions to his company, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Walter Lacey, Mr. Ryder, Mrs. Stirling and her daughter, who have all parts in the new drama in three acts, which Mr. Tom Taylor has undertaken for the opening of Old Drury.

Mr. Alfred Wigan has made a good choice, we think, in selecting the courtly atmosphere of St. James's for the display of his accomplished style of management. Although late in the field, he has secured the services of Mr. Emery, Miss Kate Terry, Miss Herbert, Miss Clara St. Casse, Mr. and Mrs. C. Young, and other favourites of St. James's and the Old Olympic.

The "Colleen Bawn" promises to have a long run at the New Adelphi, and richly deserves it.

The Haymarket, Princess's, and Olympic, go on as usual, and we trust with as much success as last year.

Mme. Celeste has secured the valuable services of Mrs. Keely, at the Lyceum.

The Fruit and Flower Show at the Crystal Palace, open for the last two days, was the most successful seen for many years. The wealth of fruit and flowers seems constantly on the increase, and the Crystal Palace is just the place to show it to advantage. The managers seem resolved to keep up the musical reputation of the Palace at Sydenham. Several musical entertainments are announced—the most prominent of which is the farewell appearance of Madame Clara Novello.

Miss Emma Stanley has engaged the second of the late Albert Smith's large rooms, at the Egyptian Hall, for a sort of drawing-room entertainment, to commence at an early date.

The grand colossal Diorama in the Great Room at the Egyptian Hall, consists of various scenes in Europe—particularly of views in Sicily and Naples; very interesting, just now, as an answer to public curiosity. The landscapes are

splendidly painted. The exhibition will have the advantage of excellent music under the direction of Mr. Callcott.

The works of the new metropolitan underground railway, from Paddington to the City, are advancing with great rapidity. When completed, it will be a most convenient line. It is expected to be opened to the public in about a twelvemonth.

Very praiseworthy is the determination amongst the authorities to meet, in every way, the constant desires of the public for instruction combined with entertainment. One of the most interesting memorials of a great man, and of a great day—such an one as is only experienced in an age—is about to be committed to a very proper custody. We refer to the Wellington car. Although its design was bad, its castings and workmanship have won the admiration of foreigners during its exhibition at Marlborough House. It is composed of solid metal, was constructed in three weeks, cost £16,000, and is now to find its home in a national collection, already rich in most remarkable and costly works, the Kensington Museum.

## RURAL ECONOMICS.

### AUTUMNAL AGRICULTURAL ORACLES.

Too many of our landlords seem to imagine that a part of their local duties—to which Queen's speeches so impressively refer—consists in praising, blaming, or encouraging the farmers. And it is curious to observe that this lecturing seldom leads to any response. Nothing like a discussion takes place. The farmers are expected to receive the blame, the praise, or the encouragement with meek submission and silence, and they generally do so. Indeed, some extraneous topic of public interest, some national calamity, panic, or delusion, is commonly energetically worked by the landlord speakers, so as to prevent or interrupt any answers to their oracular eloquence on things agricultural. The autumn always brings these lectures as it brings the harvest, and it may be well to try to extract some useful moral from the rural oracles of the present season.

Now, Lord Stanley is a public man of larger mental calibre than most of those who take upon themselves autumnally to lecture the farmers; and moreover he is supposed to have somewhat more sympathy with industry, rural or urban, than most of his class. Yet at the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Association, when proposing success to the society he at once adopted the tone of a tutor. He thought nobody could

"Entertain a doubt as to the value or utility of associations of that kind. Farmers, by the nature of their occupation, live comparatively isolated and separated . . . If a man lives altogether at home, he is apt to think there is no farm like his, that there are no crops and cattle like his; and that he has not much to learn from his neighbours. If any Lancashire man has an illusion like that, it is an illusion a walk over this show-yard is very likely to dispel; and if a man is sharp, and has his wits about him, he can hardly help getting hold of some ideas which are worthy taking home and working out; he can hardly help going back and knowing more of his business than when he came." "Then such meetings," said his lordship, "create that spirit of healthy emulation and rivalry, that competition, which is the very soul of business."

Now, all this may be true enough, and is as obvious in the case of the farmer as in that of any other trader. He feels it in the market. It is impressed upon him at every fair he goes to, whether to sell or to buy. It is his interest and his business to note these things. But he often finds that he cannot keep or rear such good stock as some other farmers, because his farm is undrained or his yards and sheds are wholly insufficient for good stock. His fields, perhaps, are too small and too much incumbered with hedge-row timber to enable him to cultivate his land so well as his neighbours with cleared land can cultivate theirs.

Such are the difficulties which beset the farmer, far more than any illusions or want of knowledge of his business, and these difficulties are removable only by his landlord. Doubtless Lord Stanley can speak with more confidence on such points than many landowners, for the estates of his father, Lord Derby, are better managed in all such particulars, than the estates of most English properties. Then Lord Stanley told his audience—

"There has been very much accomplished of late years in the way of agricultural improvement. One cannot go anywhere about England or this county, without seeing fences straitened, fields thrown together, cottages improved, waste lands reclaimed, and cultivation creeping up the face of the hills; but though there is a great deal done, some of us recollect what small farmers were apt to be in the old days before agricultural improvement was thought of."

The natural remark on this is—What have the small farmers to do with such improvements as Lord Stanley referred to? They could be done only by or with the co-operation of the landlords. Such lectures and suggestions might really be very useful in a meeting of landowners, whose apathy or prejudices alone retard the improvements which naturally would take place in English agriculture. We are glad, however, to hear, on such authority, that so great improvements have been made in Lancashire; for in 1849, Mr. Garnett, who obtained the prize of the Royal Agricultural Society for his Essay on the Farming of Lancashire, said,

"The county of Lancashire is a very important one; but most assuredly its importance does not arise from the excellence of its farming. . . . We are sadly behind the rest of the world in agricultural attainments, and any traveller along the North-Western Railway, from the time of his entering to the time of his quitting Lancashire for Westmoreland, must leave it with the impression that he has been passing through an ill-drained, badly-cultivated, and neglected district."

We fear a traveller going over the same ground now would agree more nearly with Mr. Garnett than with Lord Stanley's report.

At the dinner after the show of the Northumberland Agricultural Society, the Duke of Northumberland, the patron of the society, presiding, having referred to the excellence of the live stock which had been exhibited, and having given some statistical details as to the arable and moor lands of the county, said that, during the last ten years,

"About 170,000 acres of land had been drained, at an expense of £5 per acre; and this is about one-fourth of the whole arable land of the county. About £800,000 or more has been spent within the last ten years on draining, and perhaps



as much, or nearly as much, on other permanent improvements. Now, the result of this increased draining is an increase in the amount of production, more cattle and larger farm-buildings; so I think the county may be well satisfied with the improvements of the last ten years."

Now, the duke did not tell his audience how much of this sum had been spent by the landowners, and how much by the tenants; nor how much of it consisted of loans made to landowners by Government or land improvement companies, repayable by small annual instalments. Neither was there any hint of the proportion of such loans of which the repayment had been thrown wholly on the tenants. Neither can it be said that draining, equal in amount to the fourth of the arable land only of so humid a county as Northumberland, and where by far the greater part of the arable and other lands require drainage, exhibits any extraordinary degree of activity for a period during which agriculturists have become fully alive to the necessity of self-reliance and energetic improvement. We do not hesitate to say that, if the landed proprietors of Northumberland had been, during the last ten years, willing and able to grant their farms on long and rational leases to tenants of competent means, something more like three-fourths of all the land—pasture and moor, as well as arable—would have been drained. Does not this justify those who say the patrons of agriculture—why should agricultural industry alone require patronage?—are fond of "parading its progress, have talked and told how much has been done, while others are satisfied to work subject to the most active competition?" Then the duke referred to the improvement of the agricultural labourers' dwellings, for which the duke, as regards his own property, is entitled to much credit; and the advance of their wages, "something like 13 per cent. in ten years." But then he said higher wages increased "the expense of cultivation."

"Now, here is our problem—here is the great difficulty: How is the expense of cultivation to be lessened? The use of the steam-plough has been tried, but it is not yet practically successful; that is, it is not yet brought into common use. . . . Still, therefore, the problem remains—how are products of agriculture to be raised more economically, *our land, at the same time, being kept equally good, and everything else being kept to its level?* The produce of the land should be increased as the population increases. Whilst stating this problem, I must add that I have no doubt whatever that English energy and English determination will ultimately solve it. I have no doubt that means will be found, by steam or horse-power, to cultivate the land economically."

Neither have we any doubt that English agricultural energy can solve the problem, which, however, is not quite that stated by the duke; but then such energy must have fair play. It must not be asked to display itself in fetters. The real problem is—How can the products of agriculture be increased with profit to the producers?—for otherwise there will be no increase. Now, profitable production is to be obtained, not so much by lessening the expense of cultivation, as by the increased employment of such agents—mechanical, manual, or animal labour—as the farmers having secure possession of their farms may find it conducive to their own interest to employ. We believe the problem must be solved by greater outlay, to result in still greater proportionate production. To this end security is the first, the indispensable condition. Just look at the state of that security on the duke's own estates, and on those of nine-tenths of his fellow-landowners in Northumberland. How many of the tenant farmers in that county dare kill the wild animals—the game—which infest their farms and devastate their crops? How many dare to vote against the county candidate, supported by their landlords, without being "dismissed" from their farms? We pause for a reply.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

##### A VISIT TO THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—No. I.

###### THE METEOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of pleasure seeking Londoners who have been to Greenwich Park, few know anything of the Royal Observatory. They know the outside well enough. They are familiar with the graceful deer browsing on the verdant herbage beneath the tall limes that beautify the park. Hundreds of them have perambulated round the red-brick house perched on that steep hill, down which merry lads and lasses have run or rolled on merry days, and some have looked with excited wonder at the curious cupolas with odd projecting pegs; the vanes, and posts, and balls; and at the tall mast rising high above the trees, with its ropes and wires, and queer suspended box. And these they have looked at without a chance of their curiosity being satisfied, and without the remotest idea of how the work inside was done. Of course they knew that the stars were observed, and that eclipses were calculated there,—but beyond this vague conception all was mystery to their idle minds. So they looked at the massive gates, beside which the electric clock ticks solemnly night and day, and points its finger to the passing time,—and walked away, and wondered on.\*

The exclusion of the public is not merely justifiable, it is necessary; the workers inside that secluded area are not too numerous for the work they have to do; the instruments they have to work with are often of extreme susceptibility, and the operators themselves have to be punctual to seconds in their records and their labours. Interruptions, under such circumstances, would be fatal to their duties. Few thoughtful persons, even if not astronomers or meteorologists, but must take pleasure in knowing the details and means by which the facts of astronomy are ascertained; while of the most thoughtless some might be arrested in their trifling by such a knowledge, and perhaps be changed to humble but useful workers in the wide fields of science, where daily stand abundant crops and rich harvests ungathered for lack of labourers.

On entering the Royal Observatory, I, Jones, or whatever my name may be, first passed by a narrow way to the small grass plot where stands the tall mast that excites the wonder of the perambulators outside. Behind it is a low white building in the form of a cross, where Mr. Glaisher and his assistants superintend the magnetical, meteorological, and electrical apparatus. From the wooden box at the masthead

\* An order from the Admiralty is necessary to inspect the Observatory.

a copper "exploring-wire" is seen passing across to the roof of the astronomical observatory, and another copper wire is seen passing down to the window of the ante-room of the low white building we have just noticed.

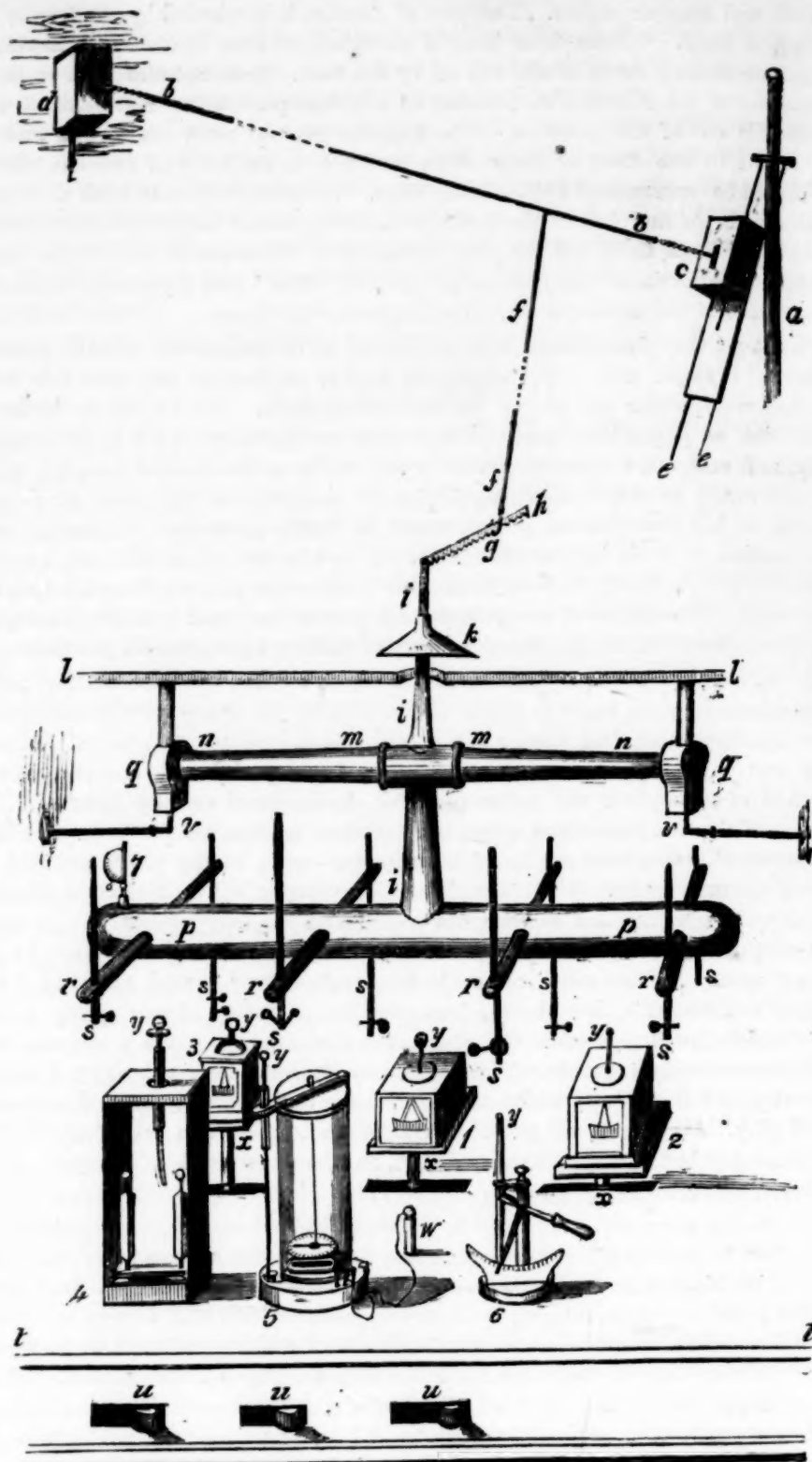


FIG. 1.—a, mast; b, b, copper exploring-wire, for collecting electricity from the air; c, d, wooden boxes containing glass insulators; e, e, iron wires from mast, on which the box, c, slides; f, f, conducting-wire to meteorological observatory; g, h, rack connection; i, i, conductor to apparatus; k, umbrella protecting the opening in the roof of the observatory window, l, l, from the rain and weather; m, n—m, n, glass insulator; p, p, two boxes containing the flames of two gas-jets, v, v; p, p, copper cylinder; r, s, y, metal connecting-rods; t, t, bottom of window-recess; u, u, u—x, x, rods for making earth-connections, to carry off dangerous quantities of electricity, &c. The instruments are—1. Gold-leaf Electrometer; 2. Light Straw Electrometer; 3. Heavy Straw Electrometer; 4. Dry-pile Electroscop; 5. Galvanometer; 6. Spark Measurer; 7. Pith-ball Electrometer.

The first, or "exploring-wire," gathers the electricity; the second, or "conducting-wire," passes it down to the window, inside of which the examining apparatus is placed, and the primary objects of which are to determine the quantity, the quality, and the variations and conditions of the electricity in the atmosphere. For it is not only when the lightnings flash, and the thunder-peals, echoing, roll from cloud to cloud, that electricity is present in the air: it ever abounds there, and in the earth itself, at all times; like a breath of life it seemingly pervades all nature, and its presence is manifest alike in the rustling of a lady's dress, the crackling of a sheet of brown paper, or in the most destructive storm. In another form it is our familiar slave, to carry our messages from town to town; and from lands a thousand miles apart, in the sunken wire "the hands of human brotherhood clasp beneath the sea."

What a strange thing is this lightning, electricity!—call it what you will. We can collect it, but we cannot see it; we can pass it like water from jar to jar, but we cannot measure its bulk, nor weigh it; all we could accumulate will not add a fraction of a grain in the balance; we can change it from a flaming flash to the steady current of galvanism, into heat, into motion; or we change the current into the flash, or from heat or motion eliminate its brightest sparks. We can bring down the death-dealing lightning with a copper thread, and, playing with it as with a toy, repeat all the pretty experiments of the lecture-table. And yet we cannot tell you *what* it is. We can observe it, learn its powers and effects, use it, do with it what we will; but, imponderable, invisible, we cannot describe it.

But if we cannot describe the lightning, we can the apparatus which gathers it, and puts it in our power.

The first thing necessary to do with the copper exploring-wire is to insulate it,—that is, to prevent the passing-off of the electricity at either end, and hence each end is attached to a cone of glass. Now, although glass is a non-conductor, and bars the progress of electricity, yet water is a conductor, and facilitates its passage; thus if the glass cone became wet, the electricity might pass along the watery surface, and escape. Electricity, too,



always follows the shortest route to the earth, where a choice is left it—and a shower of rain might convert the mast or its ropes into admirable conductors; and the electricity might pass in this manner to the earth, instead of along the wire intended to bring it down to the examining apparatus. It is, therefore, above all things, necessary that the insulation should be perfect; and this is effected by means of a small flame, as of a lamp or gas-jet. Let us draw a glass cone, just to illustrate this. (See woodcut, Fig. 2).

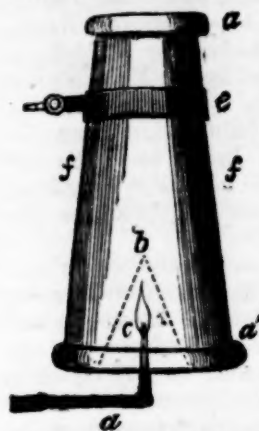


FIG. 2.—a, a glass insulator; b, hollow cone in glass insulator, in which the flame, c, of a gas-jet, d, is kept burning; e, attachment of exploring wire; f, f, zone of perfect insulation.

In the hollow of the cone gently burns the gas-jet. Just feel the glass: at the top it is cold, at the base slightly heated, between these two points, then, there must be a space (f, f) which is neither hot nor cold, but which must be perfectly dry. This space may be an inch or two higher to-day, or an inch or two lower to-morrow; but there must be, at some intermediate part of the cone, a space which is perfectly dry, and this space must be a perfect non-conductor—an effectual barrier to the electricity—an obstacle it cannot surmount. We have then only to attach our wire above this space to make certain that none will pass off at this end of it. By means, then, of another glass cone, heated in the same manner by a little flame, we can make sure that none will escape at the other end; and by attaching a conductor to our wire, we can bring down the electricity collected to any spot that we will. By the glass cone, then, on the Observatory, and another in the wooden box at the mast-head, both heated in the way we have described, the “exploring-wire” is perfectly insulated; and by the copper conducting-wire (Fig. 1, f, f) attached to it at a short distance from the mast, the electricity is, or ought to be, with certainty, brought down to the white house, or magnetic observatory.

The situation of the Greenwich Observatory is, however, very bad for electrical observations, on account of the numerous trees in the vicinity, which act as so many electrometers to carry off the electricity of the locality. To obviate this the mast is made very tall, no less than 80 feet, and there is consequently a great loss of electricity by portions passing off to the different strata of air, which it meets with in its passage along to conductor, to the Observatory.

The cut Fig. 1 also represents the electrical apparatus in the window of the ante-room. Here, again, it is necessary to provide against the electricity passing away in any other than the intended direction towards the instruments; and therefore, on either side of the metal bar which conducts it to the long copper cylinder is fitted a bar of glass, which is heated, like the insulating cones of the “exploring-wire,” by a small gas-jet. At intervals metal arms pass through the copper cylinder, and in these iron connecting-rods pass downwards, the bulbs of which can at pleasure be brought into approximation or connection with the respective instruments. These consist of a double gold-leaf electrometer, two Volta electrometers—one of light, the other of heavy straws, and a Henley's pith-ball electrometer, for measuring the intensity, or quantity of the electricity; a dry-pile electrostatic, for determining its quality, or kind; a galvanometer; and a “spark measurer.” It may be interesting, however, and useful, to describe these instruments more at length.

The electrometers are constructed on the principle that objects, similarly electrified, repel each other. The electricity passing down metal bars from which gold-leaves, straws, or pith-balls are suspended, electrizes them similarly, and the tendency which they then have to repel each other causes their lower and free extremities to diverge more or less, in accordance with the quantity of electricity with which they are charged.

The double gold-leaf electrometer is extremely sensitive, and the first to be excited; the light straws of No. 1 volta follow, and are succeeded by the heavy straws in No. 2, as the electricity increases in intensity; and lastly, the Henley's pith-ball is set in play, but seldom until the volta No. 2 has indicated 100 divisions on its scale.

The dry-pile electrostatic has a single strip of gold-leaf placed between two dry voltaic piles, which have the power of maintaining a permanent feeble charge of electricity at their summits, and are so arranged that positive electricity is developed at the one and negative at the other. Quietly the gold-leaf, in its natural state, hangs down between them; but no sooner does it receive the least quantity of electricity than it is attracted by the pile which develops the opposite electricity, and repelled by the other having the like electricity to that with which it is charged. So sensitive is this instrument, that a stick of gum-lac rubbed on a cloth will produce a sensible effect on the gold-leaf at a distance of nine or ten feet.

The “spark measurer” consist of a vertical sliding-rod terminated by a brass ball capable of being raised towards or depressed from one of the connecting-rods of the copper cylinder by means of a brass lever with a glass or wooden handle, and to which an index-hand is attached, pointing to a scale below, and indicating there the distance from the ball of the connecting-rod to the brass ball of the “spark measurer,” and, consequently, the distance at which a spark will pass from one ball to the other, or its length, is thus shewn.

Besides the ordinary or static electricity in the air, which manifests itself by sparks, or flashes like lightning, there are continuous or galvanic currents, for the investigation of which the galvanometer No. 5 is employed. This instrument consists of two large magnetized needles suspended by a split silk fibre, one over the other, with their respective north and south poles reversed, technically termed a statical balance. The galvanic current is passed along a fine wire, of 2,400 coils, and is thus so intensified that the slightest current, which in itself would be inappreciable, becomes palpably evident in the deflection of the needle over the circular index-scale. This instrument indicates only the electricity which passes in a continuous current; ordinary static electricity which passes by jerks or sparks does not

affect it. While I stood in the observatory, a hasty shower came on, and the rain pattered fast on the window-roof. Before I had scarcely taken my eyes from the sky, in their natural upward look, the time of the shower had been noted, the electric instruments put in full play, the straws in the voltas were diverging and collapsing, and the gold-leaves and pith-balls vibrating to and from the brazen knobs, as the electric sparks snapped, now loudly, now faintly, from the conducting-rod of the copper cylinder to the rigid little “spark measurer” thrusting out its immovable hand to the marked length on the index. Soon the shower ceased, the sparks snapped fewer and fewer, the straws in the electrometer, that before had opened and closed like the kicking legs of wooden merry-Andrews, when children pull their strings, hung down again, and the pith-ball drooped beside its brazen rod, and there was a return once more to the old quiescent state, as it was before this short and sudden disturbance.

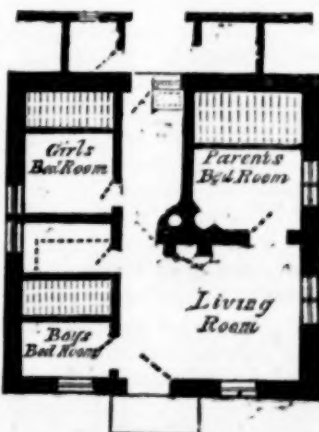
The fall of rain was measured, the indications of the electrometers and galvanometer set down, the purple colour of the electric sparks noted,—all without the slightest confusion, each assistant having his appointed duties; while an ordinary observer would scarcely have known that anything unusual had been going on.

## HEALTHY HOMES.

WE know no subject that ought to be considered of more interest and importance to everybody than that of healthy homes. Homes are the places where our first and most lasting impressions begin; and they continue associated with our thoughts and recollections to the last moment of our lives. Next to parents, relations, and friends, they, perhaps, of earthly things, have the most permanent influence over our character. As they are spacious and comfortable, so will be our ideas of what is proper and agreeable. As they are clean, well-arranged, decent, and all things in them are well ordered, so will men and women grow up to be fond of neatness, and be inspired with the spirit of order and good taste. They can do more for the character of people than the cultivation of the Fine Arts. There prevails still almost a fierce ferocity in the country most renowned for the cultivation of these, but where the homes of the people are the hovels of the dark ages. The rural population of England is not remarkable for delicacy, that of Scotland still less, and household accommodation for them is notoriously bad in both, and worse in Scotland than in England. In both great improvements are required; and we notice with satisfaction a book intended to help those well-inclined landlords and others who some time ago began and still continue to promote this necessary social work. No good can be effected from any scheme which does not combine advantage to the builders and the tenants of cottages. Where they are built on a man's own land, and he is subject to poor rates, he has the strongest pecuniary interest in providing homes that shall contribute to keep men healthy. In the work before us the interest of both classes is considered, and the profit of the landlord is constantly kept in view, as well as the comfort of the tenant.

That houses should be well drained, and provided with conveniences for carrying off or disposing of the refuse of the inmates, well supplied with water, and so substantially built as to secure them against all the inclemencies of our climate, are indispensable. These are great considerations, and no expense should be spared to secure them. A plentiful supply of water is also indispensable. For the small space really required for a house, little rent should be demanded, the chief payment required of the tenant should be for the conveniences supplied.

Our woodcuts give the plan and elevation of a cottage containing a living-room 11 by 9 feet, scullery 9 by 3, parents' bedroom 9 by 7, girls' bedroom 8 by 6, boys' bedroom 6 by 6, pantry 6 by 4, place for fuel 4 by 4, for tools 4 by 3, and a pantry 4 by 3, which may be built for £42. 5s. 10d.



The floor of the living-room is to be 12 inches higher than the ground outside, with a six-inch step to door of porch, and a 6-inch step to floor of the room. The floors of the bedrooms are all on the same level, the floor of the scullery is 6 inches below them, and the floor of the back porch 6 inches below the floor of the scullery. The height of the rooms against the outer wall is 7 feet, the other part of the ceiling in the room is 9 feet high. The ceiling in each bedroom is supplied with bands of perforated zinc, leading the contaminated air into the space between the ceiling and roof; chimney shafts to be formed with a ventilating flue, by an air-brick, will carry the foul air outside the chimney, under the projecting course above the roof.

Such a cottage might be let for 1s. 6d. per week, which would pay the builder eight per cent. on his outlay, and enable him to keep the place in thorough repair. To this sum must be added the rent for the spot on which the house stands, which will vary according to the neighbourhood. Of course it will be somewhat higher in towns, which has suggested



constructing, in them, lofty buildings, let out in chambers or flats. With this addition, whatever it may be, such a house, let for 1s. 6d. a week, would pay the builder, and supply the tenant with a healthy home. In our opinion the author does not make a sufficient allowance for the reduction of cost which would ensue were many such houses built all of the same size, and requiring all exactly similar wood-work. It may be hoped, too, that ere long the timber duties will be repealed, which will enable builders to construct such houses still cheaper. When these duties are repealed, and when landlords have built a sufficiency of such or still larger cottages, for which there are many plans in Mr. Bernard's book,\* which also contains much practical information, nearly everything which they and the state can do to improve the homes of the people will be done, and they may, and indeed must, then trust them to their own exertions.

### INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 255.]

THE following are the letters alluded to at the close of our last article as having been addressed to the Earl St. Vincent by Sir William Hamilton, in whose handwriting they are preserved. One of them is described in a memorandum attached to it by Sir William, as "a very important despatch," containing "interesting details" concerning the great French armament which sailed from Toulon, with Buonaparte as commander-in-chief:—

NAPLES, June 16th, 1798.

MY LORD,—I was honoured with your lordship's most consoling letter of the 22nd of May, last Sunday, by Captain Bowen of the *Transfer* sloop of war, and immediately communicated its contents to their Sicilian Majesties and their ministry. Your lordship may well imagine how welcome the news of a powerful and well-chosen British squadron being on its way to protect the Two Sicilies was to their Majesties, who had just before received the account of the Toulon armament being on the coast of Sicily.

The following is the account that this Government has hitherto received relative to that armament. The first division arrived on the Sicilian coast the 5th of June, and the second, which completes it, joined them there the 7th of June. They were then, according to the list I received from General Acton, 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 20 gunboats, some armed brigs and cutters, and about 280 transports with troops, said to amount to 40,000 men.

General Buonaparte, commander-in-chief, was on board the *Sans Culotte*, as were all the savans, naturalists, mathematicians, &c.; it is said [there were] not less than 2,000 men on board that ship, which, as well as the other ships of war, appear visibly to be much encumbered with lumber of all sorts.

They remained between Trapani and Marsala for a few days, and General Buonaparte sent an officer in a boat to the Governor of the island of Fourguana, to assure him that His Sicilian Majesty need not be under any alarm from the fleet, as the French Republic was in perfect peace with His Majesty, and that the armament had another [place], not Sicily, for its object. On the 8th instant they went off towards Malta. Yesterday this Government received a letter, dated the 8th of June, from the Governor of the island of Pantelina, saying that a French gunboat had been at that island, and wanted to land, but was not permitted. An officer said that he came from General Buonaparte, who was, with 22 ships of the line, and 80,000 men, off Malta, with orders to land on that island; but when the Governor told him that it belonged to the King of Naples, he said that altered the case, as he thought it belonged to Malta, and went off very civilly. He asked many questions relative to the report of a British squadron being in the Mediterranean, which they thought impossible to be true. In Sicily they were asked the same, and were answered that for two years past they had not seen British colours, except on board some Gibraltar privateers. The same felucca that brought this news from Pantelina said that the great armament was lying off Malta, and had taken a large Maltese brig, and that the Maltese were alarmed, and preparing for a vigorous defence.

This morning this Government has received advice from the island of Ischia, that yesterday evening, from the top of a high mountain in that island, they had seen a fleet of 14 ships of the line coming from the westward, and running S.E. and S.; if so, it can be no other than Sir Horatio Nelson's squadron. I have sent off at a hazard a Maltese speronara, with a letter for Sir Horatio Nelson, with the above-mentioned intelligence, which is as much as we know here, and which may be of use should the speronara have the good fortune to fall in with the squadron. I have kept Captain Bowen some days, much against his will, with the hopes of being able to send your lordship some certain accounts of the British squadron.

I had wrote so far yesterday. This morning early, June 17th, Captain Hardy, in the *Mutine*, arrived here, and brought Captain Troubridge, of the *Culloden*, with him, Admiral Nelson remaining off of this bay at such a distance that the hulls of the ships were not discernible. Captain Troubridge gave me letters from Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, desiring to be informed if the ports of the Two Sicilies were open to the King's ships without limitation, and whether they had free liberty to provide themselves with all sorts of provisions and stores in those ports.

The answers to these questions your lordship will find in the enclosed copy of the Marquis de Gallo's (present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) answer to an official billet I wrote to His Excellency, by order of Lord Grenville, demanding a categorical answer to these important questions. I have likewise sent a copy of the same to Sir Horatio Nelson. Your lordship will see, by the Marquis de Gallo's billet, that this Government is waiting for an answer from London, and one from Vienna, before they take the decided part of joining with us openly; but that every assistance that can be given to the King's fleet in the Mediterranean that would not be a direct violation of their treaty with the French Republic might be depended upon. I carried Captain Troubridge and Captain Hardy immediately to General Acton, and they were much pleased with the answer given to them by that minister, who still remains all-powerful in this country. Captain Troubridge having expressed a desire to have an order to the commanders of all the ports in Sicily to supply our ships with provisions, and, in case of an action, to be permitted to land the sick and wounded in those ports, the General was so good as to give him such a written order, in the name of His Sicilian Majesty, signed by himself, and addressed to all the several governors of the different ports in Sicily.

Captain Troubridge was perfectly satisfied with General Acton's declarations of

\* Healthy Moral Homes for Agricultural Labourers, shewing a Good Investment for Landlords, with Great Advantage to Tenants. By C. Vincent Bernard, a Practical Workman. With 24 illustrations. Ridgway.

friendship. I really believe they were sincere, and that this Court will declare, as it certainly ought, that it joins with us without reserve against the treacherous enemy, as soon as it can, and that in the mean time every concealed assistance will be amply afforded to the British fleet, on which the very existence of this monarchy depends at this moment.

Captain Troubridge did not stay above two hours on shore, and is now on his way to join Admiral Nelson, off the Island of Capua, having got pilots to conduct him through the Straits of Messina, in order to reach Malta, where the French armament certainly was on the 8th instant, and where I hope Admiral Nelson will find it. I am assured by General Acton that the Grandmaster at Malta is prepared, and will make a vigorous resistance if attacked by the French; and that he has sent out one of his ships of the line and a frigate with orders to look for and join Admiral Nelson's squadron. This is all the information I can give your lordship at present; but I flatter myself that the brave and powerful squadron which your lordship has chosen for the protection of these kingdoms, will in a few days give occasion for my sending off a quick-sailing vessel, to give your lordship some joyful tidings.

Their Sicilian Majesties have very particularly enjoined me to express to your lordship their grateful sense of the eternal obligation they feel themselves under to the British nation and to your lordship in particular. General Acton received your lordship's compliments with infinite satisfaction, and desires to be kindly remembered to your lordship, and that I would assure you that he will do all in his power for the comfort of the British squadron in the Mediterranean. I look upon my having detained Captain Bowen so long as a fortunate circumstance, as I am by it enabled to give your lordship intelligence both of your squadron and of the French armament.—I have the honour, &c.

NAPLES, June 18th, 1798.

MY LORD,—I have only to add to my despatch of yesterday's date to your lordship, that this Government received late last night the account from Malta of the French having, on the 10th instant, taken possession of the Island of Gozzo, near Malta, and landed a body of troops at Cala St. Paulo, north of the harbour; that the Maltese were making the most vigorous defence; and General Acton, who gives me this intelligence, adds that he foresees that this operation of the French general must necessarily bring on a rupture between the French and the Neapolitans, as the King of Naples (the knights being removed) has the best claim to the Island of Malta. Be that as it may, this attack of Malta is a most favourable circumstance for Sir Horatio Nelson, who will now most probably surprise General Buonaparte in the midst of his operations against Malta; and we flatter ourselves here that the Valetta may hold out many days longer, and without the possession of which the French ships of the line can have no shelter from the British thunder that threatens and approaches them.

Captain Bowen will give your lordship an account of your squadron, having been out with Admiral Nelson.

May I take the great liberty of recommending Captain Bowen to your lordship's kind protection. He is a neighbour of mine in Pembrokeshire, and a relation of Mr. Merrick, who has been so good as to superintend my estate in South Wales whilst I have been employed here, and who is much interested in Mr. Bowen's welfare.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Lord St. Vincent acknowledged the safe arrival of these letters, by the hands of Captain Bowen, in the following terms:—

Ville de Paris, OFF CADIZ, 15th July, 1798.

SIR,—The *Transfer* joined last night, and brought me your Excellency's welcome letters, with others equally comfortable from my excellent and gallant friend Nelson. I have every reason to believe a squadron of four Portuguese ships of the line, with a fine brig, and the English fireship *Incendiary*, have sailed from Lagos Bay, under my orders, to reinforce the Rear-Admiral.

The weak councils and intrigues of that miserable court, have once [more?] disappointed me, in respect to this auxiliary force; but by the aid of Dom Rodrigo de Souza Coutinho, Minister of Marine, and the only "man" I have found in the country, I think you may count upon seeing them soon, for the marquis is instructed to proceed coastwise, and so on to Naples.

In the event of Sir Horatio Nelson's success, I will appoint your friend, Captain Thomas Bowen, to the command of one of the captured ships. I should have given him the rank of post-captain more than three years ago, but for his bad Welch head.

Assure General Acton of my perfect esteem and regard; and I beg you will do me honour to accept the same from your Excellency's very faithful and obedient servant,

ST. VINCENT.

P.S.—The *Lion* of 64 guns, *L'Aigle* and *Thalia* of 38, are on their passage up the Mediterranean, to join Sir Horatio Nelson.

The *Seahorse* captured *La Sensible* within six leagues of Malta, with all the Roba which General Baraguay D'Hilliers was ordered to lay at the feet of the Directory, on the 27th of June, and must have joined the Rear-Admiral long ago. I enclose an extract of a letter found on board *La Sensible*.

General Baraguay D'Hilliers, his two aide-de-camps, with the Roba, are on their voyage to England in the *Success*. And *La Sensible* is registered in His Majesty's navy, and I expect her every hour from Gibraltar.

ST. VT.

[To be continued.]

### THE "ORIGINAL SHAREHOLDER."

LANTHORN LEATHERHEAD, the puppet showman, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," knew the difference between the magnificent and the profitable. "Nineveh was a stately thing," exclaims that discriminating manager; "so was Jerusalem; but the Gunpowder Plot—that was the get-penny!" He admitted the grandeur of colossal architecture, but his heartiest commendation was for that which paid,—which he "had presented to a one-and-ninepenny audience, thrice in an afternoon." So Nineveh and its unremunerative stateliness was discarded for the profitable coal-cellar at Westminster.

Theatrical managers, we believe, adhere closely to the principle of the old showman; but the sordid motive of profit does not so keenly animate our great joint-stock companies; they have created that unlucky class of men, the "original shareholders." They are the real dreamers of dreams, and seers of Alnaschar-like visions; and time is perpetually kicking over their baskets of glass-ware, occasionally with a more than ordinary smash and a larger heap of ruin. Strange it is that the closest practicality should govern the Stage—the domain of fiction; and that so much that is visionary should prevail in the hard world of "fact!"

What a list of "stately things" we can recall! They were all grand,



worthy of a race of giants, immense in conception, requiring extraordinary powers to execute, and all alike in one point—that they did not pay the “original shareholder.” Every great work seems to be but an enormous monument raised over his departed capital; the buried thousands of the “original shareholder” have no sign of life, no dividend for him. He has not worked for himself; *sic vos non vobis* might be written on the gate of how many railway stations, above the names of the “original shareholders,” who all sold out of the enterprise, long ago, at a heavy loss. And yet more railways are being constructed, more are projected, and money is forthcoming for both. Who, in despite of experience, are the “original shareholders?” What manner of men are these who perpetually seek out ruin for our advantage? Where and how do they make the money that builds Crystal Palaces and Great Easterns, and railways, on, above, and under ground? Where does the race live that no failure can discourage? Or do they pass away bodily, to be succeeded by another generation, innocent, till too late, of calls, of preliminary and parliamentary expenses, of lawyers and engineers? The land is covered with earthworks and embankments, not unlike the old Scandinavian *tumuli*; are the “original shareholders,” as well as their capital actually buried under them.

As a class, they are creations of the present century. Not quite unknown to former ages, it is in the present they have raised their most stupendous monuments. But both the old and new varieties have had a singular uniformity of fate. The “original shareholders” in the New River Company were ruined men; the stock is now so valuable that we believe it can hardly be bought for money. That the schemes often prosper in the hands of the third or fourth series of shareholders is evident; but it is the “original” victim of whom we treat. The “original shareholder” is the true adventurer and navigator on the perilous sea of enterprise; those who watch for and fish ashore the fragments of his wreck, growing rich on his failure, are easily understood.

The age is accused of general scepticism. We produce the “original shareholder,” and contend that it is, emphatically, an “age of faith.” His capacity of belief is almost unlimited; we might call it credulity, and do him no wrong. His trust in a prospectus is childlike; he believes in twenty per cent. profit; he believes in boards of directors, noble chairman, bland secretary, and all; he believes in committees of management, and even in annual reports, that “make things pleasant” to him; he accepts little lumps of his own capital, in the name of interest, never suspecting he is like the dog that was fed with bits of his own tail. He believes in highly respectable cashiers, who are never seen on a race-course, or in a theatre, and who yet become visible at last in the dock of the Old Bailey. He equally believes and trusts the manager who is not respectable, but the very reverse, and who arrives by an opposite road at the same terminus. The “original shareholder” invests his money with extreme alacrity; and, having done so, never inquires into how it is managed. He deposits the egg and leaves it to the Board to hatch it into profit and a dividend. If it is added into loss, and a “call of five pounds per share,” he may attend the half-yearly meeting, and feebly “want to know,” but he is instantly snubbed and put down by the chairman, who is “loudly cheered.” If he feels aggrieved, the “original shareholder” has only two courses open to him: he may sell out, or write to the *Times*. We believe he generally sells out. For if he holds on, he is overgrown by the parasitic plants that fasten on the “original” stock, and suck it dry. Preference shares, and second preference shares, and debentures, and mortgages, crust him in; he becomes, at last, a sort of fossil, deep down in the lowest bed, buried by secondary and tertiary formations. If he does not transform himself into a “preference shareholder,” or buy debentures, and become his own debtor and creditor in one, neither interest nor dividend will reach him. If he remains an “original shareholder,” he is lost.

Knowing the penalties the usual developments of a modern enterprise so invariably prepare for the original shareholder, it is surprising that men should be found to begin anything, or to touch such passports to ruin as “original” shares. Dangerous occupations are never in want of persons to fill up the vacancies. There is no lack of fork grinders and glass blowers. High wages account for it; but there are no high profits to explain the existence of the “original shareholder.” He has not even his due of gratitude from the community he benefits. It travels on his railroads, sails in his steamers, spends gold from his mines, listens to Handel in his crystal halls, studies antiquity in his mediæval courts,—and bestows not a thought on the founder! A third and fourth generation of shareholders pocket the profits of all these things, if profits there are, and coolly take to themselves the credit of the enterprise. The sins of mismanagement, committed by the “original shareholder” are not visited upon them. They have bought him out, and reap where he has sown. Scant justice is done to the “original shareholder.” We claim for him something of the honour due to the martyr. How much of our visible greatness is built upon him—like London itself on the ancient Roman city, or St. Paul’s Cathedral on the subterranean Church of St. Faith! That saint, both by name and position, ought to be the patron of the “original shareholder.” He believed much, and lies buried under the grandæurs, either of wealth or science, that have risen over him.

Fathoms deep in the Thames Tunnel repose the “original shareholders” of that great idea—a million or two strong in their time; they lie in the foundations of the Crystal Palace; they are the real “sleepers,” on which run most of our railroads. A devoted band, only the other day, plunged into the depths of the Atlantic with the coils of the submarine cable. Never will their money rise as floating capital again. Into the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean, others are diving, made confident, we admit, by the bladders of Government guarantees. The *Great Eastern*, as she steamed into Milford Haven, the other day, was a “stately thing;” but a bulk of some 20,000 tons, moved by engines that might have been forged by the Titans, and consuming a small coal mine in a voyage—if it returns with only sixty-seven passengers, cannot be called a “get-penny.” That is the exact point where our “original shareholder” breaks down. He starts with too vast a plan; he begins on the scale of the Pyramids, which were not built for profit; has to call in others to help him, is swamped by the assistance, and heard of no more.

What becomes of him is a mystery: the individual is lost; yet the aggregate wealth of the nation is increasing. The “original shareholder” has helped to add to it; but when a man has sold out of a scheme that ultimately pays eight per cent., is the prosperity of the last buyers in, a

solace or an aggravation? Perhaps old Lanthorn Leatherhead’s principle might save the “original shareholder” both cash and peace of mind. Let him eschew Ninevehs and “stately things,” far too bulky to pay. There is no very fortunate precedent in favour of mere size. Babylon the Great came to a sad end; and all we know with certainty of the Colossus of Rhodes is—that it fell down. A good authority says that every enterprise which does not pay is really a check to progress; for a time the “original shareholder” had better abate his zeal for the grand and vast; seek every aid from science, but no astonishing triumph; and consider a little more than he has done what is likely to prove a “get-penny” for himself. He must be almost tired of working for others.

#### INFANT FEEDING.

THERE are certain practices, not ill received by society, which yet we may justly stigmatize as offences against nature, and to be infinitely reprehended and repressed. Of these is the practice of hiring a wet-nurse, when the mother is able to nurse her infant, and when the substitute has a living child of her own, whom she abandons for the stranger. Yet the habit is on the increase, say the medical men connected with the lying-in hospitals, greatly to the loss of infant life and the confusion of public morals; and it is with the hope of doing somewhat towards checking its continuance that we now call the attention of women to the subject; for it is a subject which must of necessity be left to them; a practice which they alone can encourage or suppress; but as a point of morals it is one in which scarcely any true-hearted woman can have a second thought,—no loving loyal mother a dubious wish. For, even if not an unsatisfactory process to their own offspring—which it often is,—it is a wicked injustice to the child of another woman, a cruel robbery of natural rights, a heartless preference of self against the claims of a sister-mother. It is one of the things which it is more criminal to buy than to sell, save when of absolute necessity, and as the only means of preserving life. But it is exceedingly rare that any such absolute necessity ever arises. There are a few exceptional cases, certainly, where the mother is physically incapable of nursing her own child: the supply may be deficient, sometimes it is wanting altogether; sometimes she is so delicate, or so nervous and excitable, that her milk does more harm than good; and in these cases any alternative is preferable to that of watching a child gradually pine away and die under the painful conditions of actual starvation. And as it is not always possible to bring up an infant by hand, entirely deprived of breast-milk,—and as, when women are so minded, things can be managed so that there shall be very little injustice to the child of the nurse, and some special advantage to the nurse herself, one would not grudge the diversion or division of a natural office, under such conditions of living need; one would rather hold it as the right and true thing to do, and accept it as a womanly aid in a circumstance of womanly trial.

But in no case should the foster-mother be separated from her own child. For if she be a woman with due womanly instincts and affections, the separation would make her fret and pine, which would be fatal to the wholesomeness of her milk; and if she were indifferent to it, then would she be a woman of such nature and disposition as one would not choose should give her very life and being to one’s own child. Any way the separation ought never to be allowed, for the sake of mother, child, and foster-child alike. Yet it is often made a special matter of agreement that the nurse does not see her own infant during the whole period of her service, so that, in fact, she must qualify herself as a foster-mother, by proving her utter unworthiness as a mother. Women are not logical. Grant them the fulfilment of their wishes, and they seldom look to the after-results. Let them but have a clean, good-tempered, healthy nurse for their child; let them see her caress it in orthodox fashion, and nourish it abundantly, and they are perfectly satisfied. How many of them think of the little deserted, starveling, wailing, motherless, in some wretched cottage,—perhaps dying “for want of breast-milk,” and reflect on the nature of the woman who could abandon her babe to misery and disease, and carry to another all the care, and love, and tenderness, which Nature gave her for her own?

No rule is without its exception: this scarcely needs repeating; but, as a rule, the hired wet-nurses who leave their own children to their miserable fate, and sell those children’s rights for so much gold, are neither worthy nor desirable, neither dutiful as mothers, nor respectable as women; certainly in nowise to be coveted as nurses for the children of honourable and high-minded parents.

And how much of the physical and moral future of the child depends on its nurse-mother! For, without giving in to the old belief that the suckling partakes entirely of the nature of its nurse, that Conachar’s cowardice was due to the milk of the hare which had nourished him, or Nero’s ferocity to the tiger’s blood with which his nurse used to smear her breasts, yet children do imbibe certain physiological tendencies from their nurses; they also imbibe constitutional disease, as distinctly as if by infection, and always suffer in health, if not in character, by any irregularity of mind or violence of temper. An infant has been known to fall back from the breast dead, because of a fit of passion into which the mother had flung herself while suckling; and every nursing woman is aware of the necessity of keeping her mind free from grief, anger, care, anxiety, indeed, from all strong emotion,—if she would not have her milk deteriorated and rendered absolutely poisonous to the child. Yet all these subtle sympathies, these fine and delicate links, this wonderful transfusion of life which forms the very essential joy and meaning of maternity, women will delegate to a stranger, for the gain of a few hours’ liberty for pleasure, or that they may preserve the elasticity and roundness of their forms! Of a truth there is a mystery in the exigencies of fashionable life, past all fathoming by those in the outer court! A womanhood without maternity is but half a life; but maternity which refuses its duties, which denies its joys, and blasphemes its honours, is worse than the most loveless existence which a sterile fate ever laid upon the pining heart.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science took up this question of wet-nursing, which was brought before them by a lady, to whom we would give all honour for her courage and her skill. In one thing only would we dissent from her, and that is in her opinion of the comparative harmfulness or wholesomeness of hand-feeding and wet-nursing. She



asserts that hand-feeding, with care and management, and by a judicious admixture of the cereals with cow's milk, is more wholesome for the child than the milk of a woman not its mother. And this opinion she founds partly on the unnaturalness of the latter practice. "Offended nature undoubtedly points out, in a very remarkable manner," she says, "that if the infant be denied the nutriment which is its birthright, a stranger's milk is not a fitting substitute." Yet, inasmuch as one woman's milk is more like to another woman's than it is like to a mixture of cow's milk and corn, it would seem without question that a woman's milk should be the best substitute for the mother's, in those cases where this is wanting. Experience, too, proves that Miss Baines is wrong.

All medical men, and most women, can count up on their fingers cases within their own knowledge, where the most careful and scientific hand-feeding failed, and the child was obliged to be put to a stranger's breast as the only chance it had of life. Simply recording this protest, because we think the doctrine physiologically unsound, and experimentally untrue, we heartily concur in all that this lady has sought to impress on the public. We cannot too strongly insist on the cruelty and wickedness of the practice, on the infinite moral mischief ensuing to both mothers and to both children, on the confusion created in the minds of the poor erring girls who see themselves specially selected for their first fault, and favoured and rewarded for their second,—whose unchastity leads them to the kindly notice of indolent mothers and time-serving doctors, and whose cruel abandonment of their child leads them afterwards to a fine place, fine clothes, fine food, and some nine or ten months of pampered superiority over every other servant in the house. Only in the case of actual need, when the little life is dying out for want of that food which the mother cannot give, and of which no other child is harmfully deprived;—only for the blessed human endeavour to save one life without endangering another, ought the practice of wet-nursing ever to be adopted. But as a substitution, because of a mother's own idleness, or unnatural dislike to the restraints of her position, no words can too severely scathe those who buy, or those who sell, that precious gift which God gave to mothers as one of the most blessed heritages of humanity. The sickly refinement which revolts at the honest breath of Nature cannot understand what is lost by this fatal fashion; the vain, the weak, the worldly, the unloving, those to whom pleasure is more than love, and self beyond maternity, think they have done their duty when they dry up their own founts of life, and snatch the child from its mother's breast to lay it in a stranger's arms. Society upholds them; nay, society applauds. It is not the "fashion" for women of a certain rank and calibre to nurse their children; and few women are sufficiently heroic to withstand the demands, or oppose the follies of any form of fashion whatsoever. We wish it were otherwise, for their own sakes, their children's, and for the progress of the world at large. "Fashion" is the upas-tree under which modern womanhood has sunk to sleep: if not speedily aroused, that sleep will change to death.

### INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

UNDER this head we intend to publish, from time to time, a series of articles that shall keep our readers au courant with all the most important and interesting facts connected with the progress of science. We commence by a description of an approved method of making

#### SUBMARINE CABLES.

As our readers are constantly hearing of Atlantic cables, Red Sea cables, and other submarine cables, it may not be uninteresting if we give a general idea of the construction and mode of manufacturing these cables, and of some of the recent improvements by which it is expected to ensure greater durability and more satisfactory results than have hitherto been attained.

An ordinary electric telegraphic cable consists, in the first place, of a copper wire, or a strand of several copper wires twisted together. This wire, or strand of wires, is the conductor through which the electricity is to pass. If this wire were immersed in water, the electricity would pass out on all sides into the water, and none of it would reach the distant instruments. It is necessary, therefore, to wall in the electricity by a non-conducting substance incasing the wire. In the cables hitherto in use gutta percha has been employed for this purpose. In order to give greater strength to the cable, and to protect it from the attacks of marine animals and from abrasion on a rocky bottom, it has been covered by iron or steel wires laid round it in a long spiral or helical direction. The exterior thus assumes the same appearance as any other wire-rope or cable.

The mode of applying the gutta percha to the wire is very simple: a machine like a large squirt or syringe with its plug or plunger is employed; the barrel of the squirt forms a cylinder and the plug or plunger acts as a piston. The bottom of the cylinder is closed, and it is filled with hot plastic gutta percha, which is kept heated by steam or otherwise. The piston is put in and pressed upon the gutta percha, which is thus ready to escape at any hole in the cylinder. At one side of the cylinder, near the bottom, is a hole about the size of a sixpence. Exactly opposite the centre of this hole, in the opposite side of the cylinder, is another smaller hole, which is just large enough to admit the wire, which is passed through it and through the centre of the larger hole. Pressure is now applied to the piston, and the plastic gutta percha is thus forced out at the larger hole, and by its adhesion to the wire it drags the latter with it. We have thus a continuous stream of gutta percha-covered wire issuing from the machine.

Now, having obtained our gutta percha-covered wire, the question has arisen, whether, after all, we have made use of the best materials within our reach? It is found by experience that there are frequently flaws in the gutta percha, owing to little bits of dirt or splinters incorporated in it. When the covering is actually pierced by a flaw, it may be ascertained in the process of testing the cable; but when the flaw only passes nearly through, it is not discovered until perhaps the cable has been immersed, and the flaw has extended quite through, and spoilt the cable. There is, however, a still more serious inconvenience, which is, that gutta percha is of a porous nature, and gradually becomes saturated with the sea-water, thus occasioning great leakage of electricity, even in short cables, and still more in long ones.

To avoid the defects of gutta percha, it has been proposed to employ India rubber, which is a better insulator, and is not porous; but India rubber is not plastic, and cannot therefore be applied by the cylinder and piston employed for gutta percha. Various other means have, however, been tried for inclosing the wire in a continuous India-rubber casing. Thus, a strip of India rubber has been wound on the wire in a spiral or rather a helical direction, and with the edges of

each convolution in close contact with or overlapping the last convolution. The wire so covered has then been boiled in water for some time, by which the India rubber is sufficiently softened to cause the adjoining convolutions to adhere together; but this softening of the India rubber is said to injure its properties.

Several other modes of obviating the difficulties thus presented to the use of India rubber for submarine purposes, are being practically tested; but the plan which at present appears likely to supersede all others is that of Mr. C. W. Siemens, which preserves the India rubber in its natural state, and unites it in the simplest possible manner. If we cut two pieces of India rubber with clean scissors, and press the freshly-cut surfaces against each other, it is well known that they adhere firmly together. Mr. Siemens passes the wire, with two strips of India rubber, between two grooved rollers provided with cutting edges, or with other cutting rollers. The edges of the two strips of India rubber are thus cut, and the freshly-cut surfaces immediately pressed together with great force, thus uniting the two strips in a tubular covering to the wire. The wire is covered successively with two, three, or more similar tubular casings; and as an additional precaution, the machines are so placed that the seams of each covering may be at right angles to, or may break joint with the adjoining ones.

We have thus an India rubber-covered wire, which is very perfectly insulated, but which still requires some addition, to protect it, and add to its strength. The ordinary iron or steel wire sheathing is rejected, as it is very heavy, and rapidly corrodes under sea water. Instead of the wires a number of hempen yarns, previously saturated with resinous cement, and all in an equal state of tension, are applied to the insulated wire with a slight twist. The cement is softened by heat as the yarns are laid on, so as to unite them all together. If necessary, another layer of cemented yarn is applied over the first, with the twist in the contrary direction to the first layer, and the whole is bound together with a thin copper wire or wires wound closely round it, and bedded in the softened cement, so that none of the parts can shift out of their places.

A light cable is thus produced, of which the chief strength is the hempen yarns and the conducting-wire, and which is not overburdened with a heavy iron sheathing, scarcely capable of bearing its own weight and the jerks to which a cable is necessarily exposed in the process of depositing it at the bottom of the ocean.

We need scarcely say that we shall hail with delight any improvements which are likely to place us again in instantaneous communication with the American continent, and to establish a permanent communication with our Indian empire and Australia.

### NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

#### SIR FRANCIS BLAKE, BART.

Sir Francis Blake, of Twisel Castle, county Durham, and Tilmouth Park and Fowbery Tower, county Northumberland; born at Heston, Middlesex; succeeded his father, Sir Francis, 2nd Bart., May 22nd, 1818; married Jane, daughter of Mr. William Neale, who died April 3rd, 1827; was M.P. for Berwick-upon-Tweed from 1826 to 1834. The great grandfather of Sir Francis, Robert Blake, Esq., of Ireland, married Sarah, third daughter and co-heir of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle, county Northumberland, Knt., a zealous adherent of King William the Third, and their son, Francis, who energetically supported Government during the Rebellion in 1745, and was created a Baronet in 1774; took in 1778 the arms of his mother's family, the Blakes of Somersetshire, of which the celebrated parliamentary Admiral, Robert Blake, was a member. Sir Francis, third and last Baronet, expired at Twisel Castle on the 3rd ult.

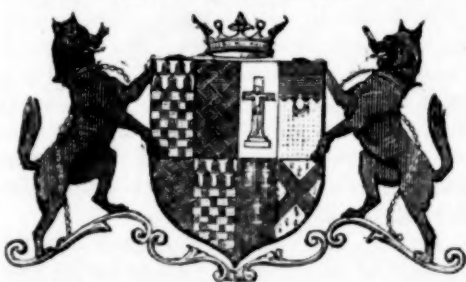


#### SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

Late Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory in North America, who died on the 7th instant, at his residence in Lachine, near the rapids of that name, on the River St. Lawrence and about nine miles from the city of Montreal, was the only son of George Simpson, Esq., of Lochbroom, in the county of Ross. He was born in 1795, and married, in 1827, a daughter of the late G. M. Simpson, Esq. He passed nearly his whole life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom he was highly trusted and respected; and received the honour of knighthood for his services to geographical science in the far north-west of the American continent; and was author of a work on Arctic discovery.

#### THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL.

On the 14th inst. at Paris, the most honourable Harriet Anne, Marchioness of Donegal, eldest daughter of Richard, 1st Earl of Glengal; born, January 1st, 1799; married, December 8th, 1822, George Hamilton Chichester, then Earl of Belfast, who succeeded his father George Augustus, 2nd Marquis of Donegal, October 5th, 1844, and by whom she had issue—George Augustus Spencer Cavendish, born May 21st, 1826; died June 18th, 1827; Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast, born November 25th, 1827; died unmarried at Naples, February 11th, 1853; and an only daughter, the Lady Harriet Augusta Anna Seymourina, born October 30th, 1836; married, in 1857, to Lord Ashley, son and heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury.



#### MR. JOSEPH LOCKE, M.P.

Mr. Joseph Locke, M.P. for Honiton, died, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Locke was born in 1805, at a village near Sheffield, and educated at Barnsley Grammar School. In early life he was employed under George Stephenson. He afterwards attained well-deserved distinction for his engineering talent, which, though he did not achieve the celebrity of the eminent men who have been lately lost to us, was of a high order. Mr. Locke was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a member of the Royal Society, and a director of the Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock Railway. Under his direction the Great Northern Railway was constructed, and he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his services in the construction of a French railway. He was likewise engineer of the Grand Junction Railway, and various other public works. His political principles were decidedly Liberal. He was returned a member for Honiton in 1847. It is seldom we have to record the decease of three such men as Brunel, Stephenson, and Locke, within the brief period of twelve months.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

**Thomas Cotterill, Esq.**, of Birmingham and London, "a millionaire," died, at the age of 81, on the 12th of August last. The property, with a very slight exception, is all of a personal character, and with money to the value of a quarter of a million invested in foreign securities, added to the amount in this country, which was sworn to as being under £900,000, realizes together about £1,100,000. The executors are William Scholefield, Esq., the nephew, M.P. for Birmingham; Thomas S. Girdler, Esq., Notary Public, London; Daniel Bell, jun., Esq., American Stockbroker, London; and William Cotterill, Esq., the son of the testator. The will bears date the 12th of April, 1855, and there are seven codicils, five of them were made within two months of his death. Probate was granted by the London Court on the 12th of September. Mr. Cotterill has bequeathed to his son £100,000, to his daughter £35,000,—which legacies are independently of any former deeds of settlement; to his sister, Mrs. Ann Redfern, widow, he has left his dwelling-house and furniture at Birmingham, and he has amply provided for her by will and otherwise; to his niece, Ellen Redfern, he leaves an annuity of £200 for her life; and to his greatniece, Fanny Louisa Redfern, a legacy of £5,000. The residue of his property is to be divided into twelve equal parts, among eight nephews and four nieces, the Redferns and Scholefields, giving to each one respectively an equal share. On each of his executors he has bestowed an annuity of £400 for the term of five years as a remuneration for their trouble in administering to his affairs; he has made an exception in favour of two of them by a further legacy of £2,000 to Mr. Girdler, and £500 to Mr. Bell, jun. There is a legacy of £1,000 to Mr. Bell, sen., and there are many other legacies to personal friends, and also charitable bequests: the latter are confined to the town of Birmingham, and are as follows:—The General Hospital, £1,000; Queen's Hospital, £1,000; Dispensary, £1,000; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, £1,000; Blind Asylum, £500; and the Blue-Coat School, £500. There is one other bequest, also, of a public nature, being the sum of £2,300 given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the extinction of the National Debt. W. Scholefield, T. S. Girdler, and D. Bell, are the acting trustees.

**Frederick Augustus Carrington, Esq.**, Recorder of Wokingham, of Ogbourne, St. George, near Marlborough, Wilts, and of 28, Lincoln's-inn Fields, barrister-at-law, died on the 30th of July, 1860, at the age of 59. This gentleman, who is well connected, and of an ancient family in Cheshire, was of the legal profession, upon which he entered in 1823, by becoming a member of Lincoln's-inn, and was called to the Bar by that society. He subsequently obtained the Recordship of Wokingham; was appointed a magistrate for Wilts, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Berks. He has died possessed of very considerable property, both real and personal; the latter is sworn under 14,000*l.* The will, with three codicils, was executed last year, and the whole of the documents are entirely in his own handwriting. He has appointed John Stephen Banning and Mrs. Marklove executors, and has bequeathed to John Stephen Banning his real estates at Ogbourne, St. George, Burbage, Avebury, Milton, and Pewsey, all in Wilts, together with certain leasehold property, and also his residence and furniture at Ogbourne. He leaves to the family of Sanersets, his wife's relatives, some other estates, situate in the same county. The crops now standing on these estates he directs to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst certain relatives of his wife. He bequeaths to his sister, Mrs. Marklove, his funded property, family plate, and the furniture in his residence, Lincoln's-inn Fields, and has appointed her residuary legatee. He has left some relics of antiquity; amongst them are two swords, which he has given to Stephen Thomas Banning, the son of his executor, one being the sword of the legatee's ancestor, John Banning, M.A. of Oxford; and the other, which appears to be a singular weapon, is stated to have been used during the civil wars. To the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn he leaves certain volumes of bound MSS., and also a portrait of Admiral Russell.

**Colonel Arthur John Reynell-Pack, C.B.**, of Avisford, Sussex, and 41, Harley-street, London, died at Cork, in Ireland, on the 17th of August last, aged 43. The Colonel made his will on the 23rd of January, 1855, which was proved in London, on the 15th of September, by his brother, Captain Denis William Pack-Beresford, one of the executors,—the personalty sworn under £9,000. The Colonel inherited very considerable landed property under the will of his mother, the late Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Louisa Reynell, who was the daughter of the first Marquis of Waterford, and was the relict of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Reynell, Bart., K.C.B., her second husband. This landed property consists of estates in the counties of Somerset and Devon; added to which there are estates of his own acquiring, situate in England, Wales, Ireland, and other parts. The estates which he inherited under his mother's will the Colonel had the power of charging with an annuity of £400 to his wife. This annuity she enjoys, with a life-interest in the emoluments derived from his own estates, both real and personal. On the decease of his relict, his estates, with the personalty, are left to his daughters, the testator dying without male issue. Colonel Pack is highly connected, and of ancient descent, his family having settled in Ireland during the Commonwealth. His father was Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B. The Colonel entered the army in 1833, in the 7th Royal Fusiliers; was present at the siege of Sebastopol, for which he received the distinction of Knight of the Legion of Honour, and of the Turkish Order of the Medjedie; he subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel of that gallant regiment; he was appointed Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, and ultimately Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Cork, and was also a magistrate for the county of Sussex.

**Richard Weekes Vincent, Esq.**, late of Cowfold, Sussex, died possessed of considerable real as well as personal property, the latter being estimated at £8,000. He made his will on the 18th of August, 1858, appointing three executors, one of them being of the Society of Friends. His real estates, residence, and furniture, together with the residue of his personalty, he has left to Samuel John Vincent, son of Samuel Vincent, of the Galvanized Iron Works, Moorgate-street, the whole of this property to be vested in him on his attaining the age of twenty-five years; but in the event of his decease prior thereto, then to the next son of the said Samuel Vincent; if no son, then to the eldest daughter—the name of Vincent to be used or acquired by royal licence. There is a liberal bequest to the said Samuel Vincent, the father, as well as legacies to the testator's nephews, nieces, and personal friends.

**The Late Duchess of Cleveland**, wife of the The Most Noble Henry Duke and Marquis of Cleveland, K.G., and daughter of the fourth Earl of Poulett, having died intestate, the property which belonged to her Grace was administered to by the Duke, her husband, in the usual form. It appears some interval elapsed before this occurrence took place, the Duchess having died in the early part of last year. Letters of administration to her effects were only taken out by his lordship in Her Majesty's Court of Probate, in London, during the last month.

## Reviews of Books.

## THE SPORTSMAN IN THE HIMALAYA.\*

THE differences of opinion that are sometimes found to exist between competent observers of the same object, taken from different points of view, are not the least instructive hints we glean from books that treat of nature and natural history in popular forms. Mr. Dunlop's little volume affords several examples of this, the most remarkable of which is the discredit he throws upon the generally-accepted reputation of the elephant for docility and gentleness. His view of the character of that indispensable servant and companion of the Eastern household, is very nearly directly opposed to the evidence of Sir Emerson Tennent. But, apart from the larger experience which justifies him in holding the adverse view, he gives a sufficient reason for it in the circumstances under which Sir Emerson witnessed the elephant-catching in the Ceylon corrals, which he so graphically describes. It certainly is one thing to be seated on a comfortable platform, perfectly secure from danger, to witness a process of snaring elephants, conducted upon what may be called scientific principles, by an overwhelming array of power and appliances; and another thing to encounter the wild elephant face to face in the jungle, with nothing to depend upon for protection but personal coolness, promptitude, and skill. Why the elephant is not so ferocious and defiant in the one case as in the other may be easily accounted for; and the "calm and dignified demeanour" he exhibits when he is surrounded by a circle of flames, and stunned by the shouts and clamour of some thousands of natives, may in reality represent his fear or his despair, interpreted by Sir Emerson into timidity and innocence. Both pictures are true; but they are true under opposite conditions. The amiable character of the elephant, under favourable influences, is not compromised by his savagery in forests and water-courses; neither is it to be too much taken upon trust at any time. Sagacity and patience are conspicuous characteristics of the race; but we must not expect from elephants that consistency of conduct which we seldom find in the wisest and most considerate men. Provocation, neglect, temptation, which exert such strong moving influence over the actions of human beings, have their effect upon elephants also; and if the domesticated animal sometimes betrays a reminiscence of its aboriginal passions, we may be tolerably sure, could we only find it out, that there is some other cause for it than the mere viciousness or cruelty of its nature.

Not the least curious circumstance in the history of the elephant on its passage alive from its entangled lairs into the hands of man, is the part which the tame female plays in the treacherous proceeding. We have seen, in Sir Emerson Tennent's work on Ceylon, how the elephants are entrapped in the corrals by the Dalilabs of their kind. Mr. Dunlop tells us how the tame females are employed in getting the elephants out of the pits which are insidiously dug for them on their accustomed tracks. These pits are fifteen or twenty feet deep, and are dug transversely across the pathway, and carefully covered with branches and grass. The elephant is so wary, however, in testing the ground as he advances, that he seldom falls into one of them; but when he does, the difficulty is to get him out. This result is rarely accomplished without the aid of a tame elephant, who acts as nurse or trainer, and is, for that purpose, coupled with the newly-caught animal. When a trainer cannot be had, the snared elephant is half-starved, by way of subjugating him, before he is let out of the pit. But that is only in the case of comparatively young ones. A full-grown male is hardly amenable to training, and is considered so dangerous that he is sometimes destroyed.

Tiger-shooting seems to be even more exciting than elephant-hunting, partly from the marvellous power of the animal, and partly from its subtlety and stealthy mode of approach. Its strength is tremendous. A single blow from the paw of a tiger will crush the bones of a bullock; it will then carry off the body with the utmost ease in its mouth, just as a cat carries off a mouse. Mr. Dunlop considers a Bengal tiger to be a more dangerous enemy to meet on foot than an African lion. It never roars: its usage is to purr amongst its own kind; and when it is about to charge, the only signal it gives is a succession of low growls. The sportsman who attempts a tiger alone, and on foot, with the ordinary double rifle or gun, incurs a hazard from which his escape will be next to a miracle. The only source of safety lies in forming a party of ten or a dozen, who may proceed pretty securely when beating through the tiger-grass or jungle, as the animal generally sneaks away from noise and numbers.

Every species of sport to be obtained in the Himalayas is touched upon, with more or less fulness, by Mr. Dunlop. The volume is enlivened by numerous illustrative anecdotes, and contains some practical information which will be useful to future sportsmen. An expedition to Thibet is one of the most attractive passages; and the whole account of the snowy ranges, and of the incidents of travel and adventure amongst them will be read with interest. The tourist who has scaled any of the Alpine ridges, will find in these light sketches of the Indian hills scenes which may fairly challenge comparison with the loftiest peaks from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa. One pass, that of the Chor Hoti, is 18,300 feet above the sea-level; that is, 2,600 feet higher than Mont Blanc. The passage is dangerous, and lives are frequently lost on the wild heights; yet, notwithstanding the warnings which take place in this way, the pass is regularly traversed as a highway for traffic. The principal danger apparently arises from snow-storms and appalling snow-drifts, under which large parties of traders are sometimes buried. But upon the whole, with a careful observance of the state of the weather, the risk may be very considerably diminished.

Mr. Dunlop is a keen sportsman, and a close observer of the phenomena connected with his favourite pursuits. But his enthusiasm hurries him a little too far when he expresses a hope that this narrative of his experiences may induce English sportsmen, instead of spending their time, money, and trouble, on deer-stalking and bird-shooting in Scotland, to undertake a voyage to India for the sake of a little hunting in the Himalayas. The trip would altogether occupy fourteen months, and Mr. Dunlop is careful to indicate the articles with which it will be necessary for the sportsman to provide himself, the time when he should start, and the route he should take.

\* Hunting in the Himalaya; with Notices of Customs and Countries from the Elephant Haunts of the Dehra Doon, to the Bunchowr Tracks in Eternal Snow. By R. H. W. Dunlop. London: R. Bentley.



We apprehend that our sportsmen will satisfy their curiosity with the perusal of the book; and, remembering that there are risks of other kinds in India besides elephants and tigers, be content to enjoy the luxury of hunting in the Himalayas by deputy.

#### COMMON INSECTS—THE HONEY-BEE.\*

We are glad to find that not only has Mr. Samuelson's pleasant account of the worm and the fly reached a second edition, but that it is followed by another little volume on the honey-bee.

Notwithstanding the numerous and elaborate works that have been published in all the principal European languages, on the bee and its habits, there still remains a wide field of observation and discovery, which is only recently laid open to naturalists by the modern microscope. This instrument, thanks to the combined optical and mechanical skill of the best makers, is now as different and superior to the microscope of thirty years ago as the telescope of Lord Rosse to that used by Newton. The works before us are examples of the way in which minute observation, with a good instrument, lead to important and interesting discoveries in the structure and habits of common animals.

An established community of bees comprises one perfectly developed female or *queen*, the mother of the hive; about 600 or 800 males, called *drones*, of whose real use and habits singularly little is even now known; and from 15,000 to 30,000 imperfectly developed females, who, as they accumulate the stores of food for winter use, are called *workers*. The females, both queen and workers, are provided with stings, which also serve as ovipositors; but the males have no weapons of offence. The queen bee, or perfectly developed female, and the males or drones are much larger than the workers. The productions of the bee are well known to consist chiefly of honey and wax. They include also what is called *bee-bread*, composed of the pollen of flowers moistened with honey, and serving as food for the young; and *propolis*, a resinous substance often seen in the comb and much used in the construction of the hive. This *propolis* is also employed to enclose and render harmless any animal that enters the hive, and is there destroyed or dies, but is too large to be removed. A curious anecdote is told of a snail that had crept into a hive in search of forbidden sweets having been soldered down by this material, "thus fixing him as a standing joke, a laughing-stock, a living mummy, like Marmion's Constance, 'alive within the tomb' [for a snail, though excluded from the air, would not die], so that he who had heretofore carried his own house was now made his own monument."

An ordinary swarm of bees separating from a hive, consists of the queen of the original hive (who, after hatching another queen, is obliged to leave) accompanied by about 1,000 drones, and about ten times that number of working bees. If received into an empty hive, the queen at once lays eggs, and the workers construct the comb, collect honey, feed the young, and perform the other labours of the hive.

"First of all, a number of wax-makers having assembled for the purpose, one of them draws from the wax-pockets or belts, situated between the rings of her abdomen, where the wax is secreted, a certain quantity of this material, which she moistens with a fluid from her mouth, and then moulds into the form of a thin narrow ribbon, by repeated workings with her feet, jaws, and delicate tongue. The particles of wax thus obtained she attaches to the vault of the hive, and then proceeds at once to fabricate and apply a second, and third, and so on, until her wax is exhausted, and so on, when she makes way for a second labourer."

The comb is completed by the *nurse-bees*, "who excavate the cells on both sides of the wall, drawing out the wax in the required direction, so that one partition serves as the base of ten cells."—"Honey Bee," pp. 79, 80.

Three kinds of cells are constructed for the eggs laid by the queen, and she deposits first worker-eggs in worker-cells, then drone-eggs in drone-cells, and finally one or more eggs in the royal cells, whence proceed the future queens. And now comes a very extraordinary fact related by Mr. Samuelson, as the result of the minute and conscientious observation of some German naturalists, namely, that the fertilization of the eggs is effected at the will or instinct of the female as they are deposited, and that *the drones are the produce of eggs not fertilized*.

The time occupied from the deposition of the egg to the final appearance of the insect is, for the queen sixteen days, for the worker about twenty, and for the drone twenty-four days, and it is well known that, in the event of any accident happening to the queen, the nurse bees are enabled by a peculiar management of the food to develop one of the workers into a queen.

In considering the peculiarities of structure of the bee, we cannot but regard the eye and the antennae as among the most striking and instructive. The bee has different kinds of eyes, no doubt adapted to different circumstances and conditions, one set, perhaps, enabling it to sight at a vast distance the flowers that yield its food and its distant home, while the others enable it to execute its wonderful mechanical instincts in the gloom of the hive. There are three detached simple eyes, and two groups, each of which consists of nearly 4,000 optical instruments pointing to one minute speck of nervous matter. Examined by the microscope, every one of these instruments is found to be a six-sided pyramid, whose base is a six-sided lens, the whole separated from six similar adjacent pyramids by a dark pigment. The lens is double, each part being flat on one side and convex on the other, and the two flat faces are in contact, but the density of the two is different, a peculiarity lately adopted for microscopes by our best instrument makers. It is an important fact that "in the drones, which rarely quit the hive except to swarm or accompany the queen in her wedding flight, these eyes are much larger and more numerous than either in the queen or worker;" and we cannot but hope and believe, for the credit of the male sex, that some positive and important post, in which good eyesight is needed, may some day be discovered for this part of the bee community.

The mode of intercommunication of animals is a subject of great interest,

\* The Honey-Bee: its Natural History, Habits, Anatomy, and Microscopical Beauties. With tinted illustrations. By James Samuelson; assisted by J. Braxton Hicks, M.D. Lond., F.L.S., &c. Also Two Chapters on Instinct and Reason: being an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Psychology. By the same Author. London: Van Voorst, 1860.  
The Earth Worm and the Common House Fly. In Eight Letters. By James Samuelson; assisted by J. Braxton Hicks, M.D. Lond., F.L.S., &c. With Microscopic Illustrations by the Authors. Second edition. London: Van Voorst, 1860.

and where the instincts are so high and the habits so curious as in the bee, this subject is especially important. We cannot but consider that naturalists have been too anxious to discover some special organs of hearing, smell, and touch, corresponding to our ear, nostril, tongue, or finger-tip. We can see no reason why means altogether distinct from those we are familiar with should not have been adopted in certain animals; and in the bees, ants, flies, moths, &c., the antennae, which certainly show no external resemblance to them, would seem to replace several of our senses.

"Whilst its antennae remain unimpaired (says Mr. Samuelson) the instincts of the bee are wonderfully active and acute, but as soon as it is deprived of these mysterious organs, its whole nature seems to undergo a change, and its physical or mental state may then be compared to that of an imbecile or insane person, to one, in fact, who has lost his senses."—"Honey-Bee," p. 32.

The mouth of the bee presents a wonderful combination of contrivances, containing a pair of toothed pincers, extremely strong and solid, two long pointed blades, forming a pair of shears, and a tongue fenced in with a pair of subsidiary feelers. Through the tongue runs a tube terminating at the tip by a small flat expansion closing the tube at the will of the animal. The uses of this mouth apparatus are as varied and important as its structure indicates.

The sting of the bee is a double barbed dart, each piercer being furnished on one side with eight teeth, and the two darts, which are contained in a hollow sheath, diverge, as they enter the flesh, and a drop of poison at the same moment is squeezed into the open puncture. The sting and appurtenances are often left in the wound, in which case the best mode of extraction is "by pressing the open end of the barrel of a key upon the puncture; this forces out both sting and poison, and affords instantaneous relief."

While fully appreciating their wonderful instinct, Mr. Samuelson does not attribute to the humble animals he describes any amount of true reason. He considers that the highest mental powers of the invertebrate are true instincts not improvable or communicable by education, while the vertebrate are capable of reason, intelligence, and understanding, nobler qualities being superadded in each succeeding stage of progress. Taking the optimistic view of natural history, and endeavouring to find in every instinct and habit a direct reference to human requirements and conveniences, he concludes with a brief summary of some of the uses of the insects he describes, and, without altogether falling in with his conclusions, we quote them as pleasing and illustrative.

"The lowly worm accumulated, and still continues to construct, the surface soil to which, each spring, we consign the seeds that yield us rich autumnal fruits."

"The fly, meanwhile, is the guardian of our health, and whilst we, ungrateful, rob the parent of existence, her countless progeny protects us from the dire disease that menaces our life."

"And then, the sensitive, industrious little bee flies busily from flower to flower, and fertilizing blossoms in her flight, makes gay our gardens, lawns, and meadows, and gathering honey as she goes, with this and with her wax supplies the means to gratify our cultivated tastes of mind and body."—"Honey-Bee," pp. 164, 165.

#### MODERN PAINTERS.\*

THE preface to this, the concluding volume of a work which has extended itself over a considerable period, compares the book to a tree which has been developing itself slowly and by degrees. From a little beginning, a mere germ of ideas as it were, it has gradually grown to completeness; and now at last we have presented to us the deliberately matured fruit of the experience of years. We must not, then, be surprised, if, in this fifth volume, we see much change and modification. To resume our and the author's botanical metaphor, we must not complain if the thought-buds have developed themselves in a different way from what we should have expected, or even brought forth other fruit than that for which we should have looked.

The conditions of tree-life are change and not permanence. This will explain the change in the volume before us, but the author bids us remember that,

"In the main aim and principle of the book, there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God; and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to that."

In short, Mr. Ruskin's purpose throughout is to prove, that he who will rule must first obey. Now this principle is by no means a new one. Bacon showed how that man was "nature's minister;" and that, though born to be the king and lord of the universe, he can only gain the mastery over nature by implicitly obeying her laws. What, then, Bacon did once for all in philosophy, Turner wrought out for landscape painting. As the philosopher, by careful investigation of the operations of nature, was enabled to deduce principles which are true for all time; so the landscape-painter, by assiduously watching the aspects of nature, has traced for us on canvass and on paper, principles which are eternally and immutably true for landscape-painting, and, indeed for all Art. Turner's application to the study of nature was something almost incredible. We are told in the preface to this volume, that Mr. Ruskin, in 1857, arranged *nineteen thousand* of his sketches from nature! And this patient study at length reaped its own reward, so that he, from the humble servant, sitting as it were at the feet of nature, and drinking in every lesson that fell from her lips, became the very prince and king of landscape painters. But the road to his success is open to those who will imitate Turner's perseverance and faithfulness.

In his fourth volume our author showed his readers the necessity for those who would be good painters of mountain-scenery to give good heed to the beautiful sermons that lay in stones. And now, in the volume before us, he bids all those who will draw trees first to learn something about them.

Of course a number of persons, who are too lazy to study anything, will raise a great outcry of the uselessness of botany to a painter. This objection is perfectly true to a certain extent. Botany is as useful, and no further, to a painter of trees, as anatomy is to a painter of animals. All would exclaim

\* Modern Painters, Vol. V. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1860.



at the folly and presumption of him who would attempt to paint the human form without some acquaintance even with the less-important muscles and bones of the human body. And yet men will boldly attempt to portray the forms of vegetable life without possessing the most elementary knowledge of their structure.

But the author insists upon no very overwhelming knowledge of botany. "The reader must remember always that my work is concerning the aspects of things only," says he.

The painter of vegetable life has no more need to become a vegetable-physiologist than an animal painter has to be an animal-physiologist.

But a competent knowledge of the elementary principles which govern vegetable construction is necessary and indispensable.

Mr. Ruskin is so impressed with the importance of these studies that he devotes ten whole chapters of this volume, forming together Part VI. of the entire work, to the consideration of "Leaf-Beauty." In the course of his inquiries, we meet with these admirable remarks, which furnish a well-deserved rebuke to those who would resolve all art into ignorant and indiscriminating copyism:—

"When, some few years ago, the pre-Raphaelites began to lead our wandering artists back into the eternal paths of all great Art, and showed that whatever men drew at all, ought to be drawn accurately and knowingly; not blunderingly nor by guess (leaves of trees, among other things): as ignorant pride on the one hand refused their teaching, ignorant hope caught at it on the other. 'What!' said many a feeble young student to himself; 'painting is not a matter of science, then, nor of supreme skill, nor of inventive brain. I have only to go and paint the leaves of the trees as they grow, and I shall produce beautiful landscapes directly.'

"Alas! my innocent young friend. 'Paint the leaves as they grow!' If you can paint one leaf, you can paint the world. These pre-Raphaelite laws, which you think so light, lay stern on the strength of Apelles and Zeuxis; put Titian to thoughtful trouble; are unrelaxed yet, and unrelaxable for ever. Paint a leaf, indeed! Above-named Titian has done it; Correggio, moreover, and Giorgione; and Leonardo very nearly, trying hard. Holbein, three or four times, in precious pieces highest wrought; Raphael, it may be, in one or two crowns of Muse or Sibyl. If anyone else, in later times, we have to consider. At least until recently, the perception of organic leaf-form was absolutely, in all painters whatsoever, proportionate to their power of drawing the human figure. All the great Italian designers drew leaves thoroughly well, though none quite so fondly as Correggio. Rubens drew them coarsely and vigorously, just as he drew limbs. Among the inferior Dutch painters the leaf-painting degenerates in proportion to the diminishing power in figure. Cuyp, Wouvermans, and Paul Potter, paint better foliage than either Hobbema or Ruysdael.

"In like manner the power of treating vegetation in sculpture is absolutely commensurate with nobleness of figure design. The quantity, richness, or deceptive finish may be greater in third-rate work; but in true understanding and force of arrangement the leaf and the human figure show always parallel skill. The leaf-mouldings of Lorenzo Ghiberti are unrivalled, as his bas-reliefs are, and the severe foliage of the Cathedral of Chartres is as grand as its queen-statues."

The proof of the justness of this argument, as far as concerns painting, demands a knowledge which can only be obtained by such a continued and varied observation as Mr. Ruskin has had it in his power to exercise. So we must fain take his dicta upon trust. And we can do this the more readily, because the slightest reflection will prove their truth as far as sculpture is concerned. It is evident, to the most superficial observer of works of Art, that when the beautiful acanthus crowned the columns of the temples of the Greeks, it was then that those very temples were adorned with sculpture of the human figure which has never been equalled for beauty and life. When this foliage departed from nature in later times, under the degraded dominion of Roman taste, the sculpture of the human form equally declined. Again, in the thirteenth century, when Art had gone back once more to nature, and the slender shafts of its churches were crowned with carvings of leaves studied from living trees, once more men were able to sculpture the human form divine in shapes inferior, perhaps, to the Greek statues in mere sensual beauty, but arrayed in the chaste robes of purity, and adorned with the beauty of holiness.

Thus strongly, then, does Mr. Ruskin insist upon good leaf-drawing as a sure test of the capability, not only of tree-drawing, but also of figure-drawing, and its importance not only to landscape-painters but to every branch of Art. Accordingly, in the fourth and six following chapters, he enters into a minute examination of the principles of the formation of leaves, and the laws which regulate their construction.

The next four chapters, forming Part VII. of the whole work, are devoted to the examination of the nature and constitution of clouds. Here, also, Mr. Ruskin refrains from encumbering his pages with purely scientific questions, entering merely into those which immediately affect the aspects of clouds, for it is with these only that the painter is concerned. And, to our mind, some of the most useful parts of the volume are those rude but faithful drawing of cloud-forms, which are thickly interspersed amid the letterpress of these four chapters. We think there is much common sense in the stress which the author lays upon drawing clouds, although, as he well says—"Absolutely well no cloud can be drawn with the point; nothing but the most delicate management of the brush will express its variety of edge and texture."

But what he earnestly contends for, and for which we think he is right in contending, is the absurdity of those painters who trust to chance, or what they call their "imagination," for cloud-forms, instead of studying them from nature. The careful and faithful study of the forms of clouds is one of Turner's chiefest excellences, and will ever be essential to all good and true landscape-painting.

Indeed, there seems no reason in the world why a cloud should not be drawn as carefully and decidedly, according to its relative significance, as a tree or a rock; for, though evanescent in its consistence, its outline is just as real as that of the more substantial objects.

We now come to what the author declares to be the most important part of his work. He has endeavoured to show in the first division of the book how far Art may be, and has been consistent with material facts. In its second division he has entered into an examination how far Art may be and has been obedient to the laws of physical beauty. And now, in the last division, including the latter half of the present volume, and forming Parts VIII. and

IX. of the entire work, he treats of the relations of Art to God and Man. This is what Mr. Ruskin declares to be the peculiar feature of his work. "In these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on Art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope." Consistently with this plan, Book VIII. is devoted to showing the relative results of true and false methods of painting upon Art and intellect. In the course of these four chapters, the author lays down a great many technical directions, which our professional readers will doubtless find valuable. Without attempting to pronounce any opinion as to the justness of the author's views on these purely technical points, we gladly hail any approximation to settled principles in these respects.

In the last book Mr. Ruskin treats, with considerable power, of the influence of religion and race upon schools of Art.

In Chapter II., "The Lance of Pallas," he exposes the error of Fra Angelico and his contemporaries, the so-called "Christian" school, which erred in the denial of the animal part of man's nature. Next, with this school is contrasted the art of the naturalists, who erred in denying the spiritual part of man's nature. In the third chapter of this volume are traced the spirit of the ancient Greek religion, and the relations between the Art of Greece and that of the Venetian schools. This chapter we consider is very valuable, it explains many of the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of understanding the genius of Titian and Veronese.

Less just, however, we must say, is Mr. Ruskin's parallel of Giorgione and Turner; at all events, it is hardly true at the present day, when, unlike the author of these volumes, we think the future prospects of Art anything but gloomy.

On the whole, and in spite of its sad anticipations, we recommend the perusal of this concluding volume of "Modern Painters" to all who are interested in the history or progress of Art,—a very large class, we would fain believe.

#### AN AMERICAN SEA-NOVEL.\*

CAPTAIN BRAND, of the *Centipede*, is a Yankee pirate, whose adventures are told by a nautical American author. Where the writer first caught the idea of describing such a character as Captain Brand it would be difficult to discover, unless search be made for it amongst legends of the old buccaneers. And even then—with a demon in human form before him—the author must, to render such a portrait more terrific, have looked for all the aid that would be afforded by the melo-dramatic powers of an Eugene Sue, combined with the unbridled fancy of a Paul Feval. In the struggle to depict a treacherous and remorseless villain, who takes a pleasure in inflicting pain, the author has fallen, in one passage, into a very palpable plagiarism from the worst of Victor Hugo's romances—"Hans of Iceland."

We place the original and the imitation in juxtaposition with each other:—

ORIGINAL.  
Le plancher se déroba sous le patient; le misérable disparut dans une trappe carrée, un bruit sourd de la corde qui se tendait soudainement avec d'effrayantes vibrations, causées, en partie, par les dernières convulsions du mourant.—Vol. ii., c. 50, p. 253.

IMITATION.  
Like a flash the trap fell, carrying chair and man with it. The hinges of the hatch creaked . . . the heavy beam overhead gave a jarring quiver, as the strong silk rope brought up with a shuddering surge on the cleat where it was belayed at the wall; and with a gasping, choking cry of pain . . . the ruffian of a hundred crimes fell full three feet, and hung struggling in the death-agony.—Ch. xix., p. 126.

Persons who have been pleased in perusing the tales of such sea-novelists as Smollett, Marryat, and Cooper, will, we fear, find themselves frequently at fault in the attempt to follow Lieut. Wise in his nautical phraseology. There are few of his sentences of which it may not be said that they are *pitched over* with a terminology that is incomprehensible to most landsmen. In less than two pages there is an account given of a brig, "with yards square, mainsail hauled up, with the jib and trysail in the brails," and of her "giving a gentle send forward every minute," and the loose cordage rattling "like a drum-major's rattan on a spree;" of the sea "shimmering out into full blaze," and then coming up again under the brig's black counter, would swish out into a little shower of bubbles;" and of the wind "tipping the backs of the rollers in a fluttering ripple of cat's-paws;" of the smoke, as "it came within the eddying influence of the sails and top-hamper." A sailor "at the wheel" is described with "his body leaning half asleep over the barrel." The mate is introduced near the sailor, "with an arm around an after topmast-backstay, and head resting over the rail," and then "climbing up to the break of the deck-cabin."

All this, no doubt, is technically correct; but still it is heavy work to get through 304 pages of a jargon which not one in a thousand can clearly comprehend. If Trinulo and Stephano had spoken to one another in the same marine gibberish which Lieut. Wise assigns to his sea characters, Caliban, monster as he was, would never have mistaken either of them for "a brave god," nor sworn "upon that bottle" to be his "true subject."

The language in which this book is written is, we regret to say, not the only fault to be found with it. The portrait of "Captain Brand," upon which the author has bestowed most care, is the distorted figment of an ill-regulated fancy. It "out-herods Herod." There is in it not one single redeeming trait. Captain Brand is a jumble of the coarse brutality of the veritable historical Morgan, commingled with the personal vanity of a French *petit-maitre*, whilst wickedness is done, and villainy practised by him without cause, incitement, or object. Even the Devil, the concentration of all evil, and the instigator to every sin, is always depicted as having a motive for his malignity; but Captain Brand is portrayed as eager to commit all sorts of atrocities, for no other reason, that we can divine, than that his commission of them may render him detestable to the reader! In the records of human guilt there is no such person to be found. Fanaticism—whether religious or political—has given to the world a long list of the most pitiless monsters; and yet, even in that dark roll, whether the eye rests upon the names of such villains as John of Leyden, or Carrier of Nantes, there is still to be found in their blood-stained career some plea of mitigation, either in the raging insanity of the

\* Captain Brand, of the *Centipede*, a Pirate of eminence in the West Indies; his Loves and Exploits. Together with some account of the singular manner in which he departed this life. By Lieut. H. A. Wise, U.S.N. (Harry Gringo), author of "Los Gringos," and "Tales for the Marines." London: Tribner & Co. 1860.



times in which they lived, or in the apprehension that ever overshadowed their consciences as to that just and awful retribution that awaited themselves, should fortune forsake the cause in which they had embarked. To a faithful follower, to a noble maiden who gave him her purest love, to a child who had not, and could not have offended him, Captain Brand the Pirate, is described as conducting himself with the same cruelty as if they were his worst foes. Now, this is not true to nature. It is not correct as regards the worst characters, for, with the very worst, even amongst the buccaneers of America, there was, as it is justly observed by Southey, in his "History of Maritime and Inland Discovery," a society established, entitled "The Brethren of the Coast," and they too had "a code of morality," and it was "such as might be expected among men who, while they renounced a friendly intercourse with the rest of mankind, depended upon each other's fidelity."

No such personage as Captain Brand is described could ever have existed anywhere but within the walls of a lunatic asylum, in the pages of a romance, or upon the boards of a transpontine theatre, in which last place it is probable our author's hero will, before many months have passed away, be making his bow to a well-pleased but not very discerning audience.

We must admit, notwithstanding our objections to "Captain Brand the Pirate," that Lieut. Wise's story about him will, most probably, become a very popular book. It is crowded with stirring incidents, terrific combats, awful descriptions, a frightful love story, elaborated accounts of torturing punishments, and agonizing deaths. Those who have a taste for horrors will gloat over the pages which Lieut. Wise has penned for them. Such readers abound in this country: we deplore their taste, but, as we cannot amend it, we may assure them that in "Captain Brand" they have the opportunity of making an acquaintance with the greatest scoundrel that can possibly be encountered in the whole range of Newgate literature.

Before parting from this book it is necessary to notice the superabundance of very strange rhymes with which it is overlaid. All these rhymes are marked with inverted commas, as if they were quotations from works previously published. If such should be the case, they are curious specimens of Lieut. Wise's taste in selection; but if they are his own composition, then we are not surprised that his diffidence in his powers as a poet should have sought for shelter under the form of an anonymous contribution.

The two following extracts will be sufficient to demonstrate the peculiarity either of Lieut. Wise's taste for poetry, or of his original talent as a maker of verses:—

"Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter,  
All the domestic tribes of hell,  
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,  
Bones to shatter  
And limbs to scatter;  
And who it is that must furnish the latter,  
Those blue-looking men know well."  
Chap. xxiii., p. 146.

"When descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm wind of the Equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges,  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks."  
Chap. xlv., p. 259.

#### THE POOL OF ST. FILLANS.

[The Pool of St. Fillans, in the Highlands of Perthshire, was celebrated in early ages as a place for resort for the cure of idiocy or insanity. Immersion in its healing waters—accompanied by adequate offerings to the shrine of the saint—was believed to work a cure in the most desperate cases.]

##### I.

For thirty long years on the side of the mountain I've guarded  
Thy pool, oh! St. Fillans!—last hope of a desolate heart;  
For thirty sad years I have sat at thy spring unrewarded;  
False Saint! and false Fountain! I'll take up my cross and depart.  
Hither come young and fair,  
Hither comes hoary hair,  
Hither comes Hope with a light in her fast-fading eyes;  
Hither comes humbled Wealth,  
Begging the crumbs of Health,  
Which Fate, like proud Lazarus, sits 'mid the stars and denies.

##### II.

Oh, cheating St. Fillans! I brought thee my boy in his childhood,  
And now he's a man, and his hair is besprinkled with gray.  
What hast thou done for him? Roams he not yet in the wild-wood  
Dark—in the Night of Unreason—unconscious of Day?  
Have I not watched and wept,  
When o'er his features crept,  
Sparkles of light evanescent as gleams on the wave?  
Or, as in waters cast  
Shadow of bird that passed,  
Or glow of the far-flashing steel in the grasp of the brave?

##### III.

Idle! all idle! sad Fountain, I've lost my reliance!  
Thou canst not endow him with soul that he never enjoyed;  
Selfish and proud I may be, setting God at defiance,  
In craving the boon for my child which His wisdom destroyed.  
Happy and thoughtless he,  
All the grief lies with me!  
Let me endure it, and cease to lament and deplore;  
'Tis but a soul asleep  
In the earth-prison deep,—  
Heaven shall awake it, in Freedom and Light evermore.

C. M.

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Evan's Discount Tables. 4to. £1. 1s. Mozley.  
Hankinson's (T. E.) Poems. Fifth edition. 12mo. cloth. 7s. Hatchard.  
Maberley's (C. E.) Prædices of Latin Composition. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Nutt.  
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Odd Journeys in and out of London. By Hollingshead. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Groombridge.  
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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD will publish a new work from the original Russian, entitled "Cossack Tales," by Nicholas Gogol; another novel by Mrs. Gordon Smythies; and "New Readings of Homer," by W. W. Ord.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. announce "The Prairie and Overland Traveller," by Captain R. B. Marcey; and "A Handy Book of Patent and Copyright Law, English and Foreign," by James Fraser.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s new list includes "A Life of Edward Forbes, the Naturalist," by George Wilson; "An Introduction to the Study and Use of the Psalms," by the Rev. J. F. Thrupp; and a new work "On the Origin and Succession of Life on the Earth," by John Phillips.

Mr. Peter Cunningham has just finished his new work, entitled "Father and Son," which will be produced by Messrs. Chapman & Hall immediately.

Mr. J. C. Jefferson, author of "Crewe Rise," is about to issue a new work, published by Messrs. Longman, being the Life of Stephenson, the celebrated engineer.

Messrs. Groombridge will publish on the 1st of October, "A History of the Fishes of the British Isles,"—Part I., by Jonathan Couch.

Among Messrs. Hogg & Co.'s list of new books we find "The Wits and Beaux of Society," by Grace and Philip Wharton, authors of "The Queens of Society;" "Men who were Earnest—a series of Biographical Studies;" a new juvenile work by Mary Howitt, entitled "A Treasury of Tales for Young People;" and "The Busy Hives Around Us: a variety of Trips and Visits to the Mine, the Workshop, and the Factory."

Messrs. Longman have nearly ready a new work, called "The Dead Shot, or Sportman's complete Guide."

The third edition of "The Woman in White" will be published during the next week.

M. Eugène Batin has just published, in Paris, a fifth volume of his elaborate "History of the Press in France," embracing the exact period of the great French Revolution.

The Librairie Napoléonienne has issued a Pamphlet, by Pierre Dupont, entitled "Certain Rulers of a Coalition."

A Haytian Primer has just made its appearance at Port-au-Prince.

M. Deuter, the famous pamphlet publisher of the Palais Royal, has just issued another brochure on the Isthmus of Suez, in which the policy of England and Russia is discussed.

"The Speeches and Proclamations of Napoleon the Third" have been collected into a volume.

The first part of "A Biographical and Political History of the Legion of Honour" has appeared. It is to be an extensive work, to which, according to the publishers, a band of French and foreign authors will contribute.

The Rev. James White, the well-known author of some valuable historical works, has now in the press a "History of England," to be completed in one volume, uniform with the same author's "History of France."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S grand musical and pictorial entertainment, entitled TWO HOURS IN CANADA and the UNITED STATES, illustrated by his great moving panorama, delineating 5,000 miles of the most interesting scenery, comprising the beautiful Falls of Niagara and the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Tubular Bridge, Canadian, American, Indian, Emigrant, and Negro Life, &c. Mr. Friend will also relate characteristic anecdotes and adventures, and sing original songs and melodies of the country, accompanying himself upon seven different instruments.—OPEN DAILY, at three and eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.—The admission to these Gardens on Saturdays will be REDUCED to SIXPENCE each person, during the months of AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, and OCTOBER.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, at the Bazaar, BAKER STREET.—Continuation of Early English Kings from the Conqueror. KING STEPHEN, grandson of the Conqueror, in the quaint costume of the period 1135. Kings recently added—Henry I., William Rufus, William the Conqueror and his Queen, studied from old English manuscripts.—Admittance, ONE SHILLING, EXTRA ROOM, SIXPENCE. Open from Eleven till Ten at Night.

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W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

Railway Passengers Assurance Company, Office, 64, Cornhill, E.C., Aug. 25, 1860.

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Invested Funds.....110,000

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The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges whatever are made beyond the premium. For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

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Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year, by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company, excepting the year 1853; evidencing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£41,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	229,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

## **LIFE BUSINESS.**

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject has been accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages, and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the assured with participation amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating Policy effected previously to the 1st of January, 1858, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to London Board.

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PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

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By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

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Handbills, with full particulars, may be obtained at King's-cross, and all the Company's Receiving Offices in London, and at the stations in the country.

SEYMOUR CLARKE, General Manager.

King's-cross, August, 1860.

# **GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—**

TOURISTS' SEASIDE and FAMILY TICKETS, available for a month or longer by extra payment, are now ISSUED at Paddington and other principal Stations:—

To EXETER, Bideford, Barnstaple, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Paignton, 50s. first-class, and 35s. second class; Truro, 60s. and 40s.; and Penzance, 65s. and 45s. (to parties of not less than three persons).

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To the Isle of Man, Bangor, and Beaumaris, via Chester and Liverpool, 70s. and 50s.

To Llandudno via Liverpool, 67s. and 47s.

To Carnarvon, via Llangollen and Llanberis, and to Eala and Dolgelly, via Llangollen, 70s. and 50s.

To Narberth Road and New Milford, for Tenby and Milford Haven—Tourists' tickets, 72s. and 50s.; family tickets (to parties of not less than three persons), 63s. and 45s.

To Limerick and Killarney, for the South of Ireland, via Milford Haven and Waterford, 51. 5s. and 41.

Bills, giving full particulars, can be obtained at the Company's Offices and Stations, or upon application to the Superintendent at Paddington.

# **GARIBALDI FUND.—**

Having been appointed by General Garibaldi to receive and forward subscriptions for "Il milione fucili" (the million muskets), I beg to state that I am ready to receive and duly remit any sums of money that may be subscribed for the above object. Subscriptions may also be paid to Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, & SMITHS, Lombard-street, to be marked "For the Garibaldi Fund."

	£.	s.	d.
Subscriptions already acknowledged.....	4,266	14	4
Felix Slade, additional.....	10	0	0
W. J. Etches, Derby.....	0	15	0
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W. H. Lever.....	1	1	0
H. Nesbit, per Smith, Payne, & Smiths.....	1	1	0
P. Blackburn.....	1	1	0
Francis Trueman.....	1	10	0
Henry Vyse.....	5	5	0
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F. G.....	1	12	6
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John Dale.....	2	2	0
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J. D. H. L.....	0	10	0
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H. S. F.....	1	15	0
Miss Morris, per Smith, Payne, & Smiths.....	2	0	0
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Anonymous, Leeds.....	0	12	0
Duke-street Adult School, Carlisle.....	0	12	0
Mrs. F. Rolleston.....	3	0	0
R. Dobell.....	0	5	0
Anonymous, Notting-hill.....	1	1	0
A. G. D.....	0	6	6
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W. Currie, per Smith, Payne, & Smiths.....	25	0	0
John D. Allcroft.....	5	0	0
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